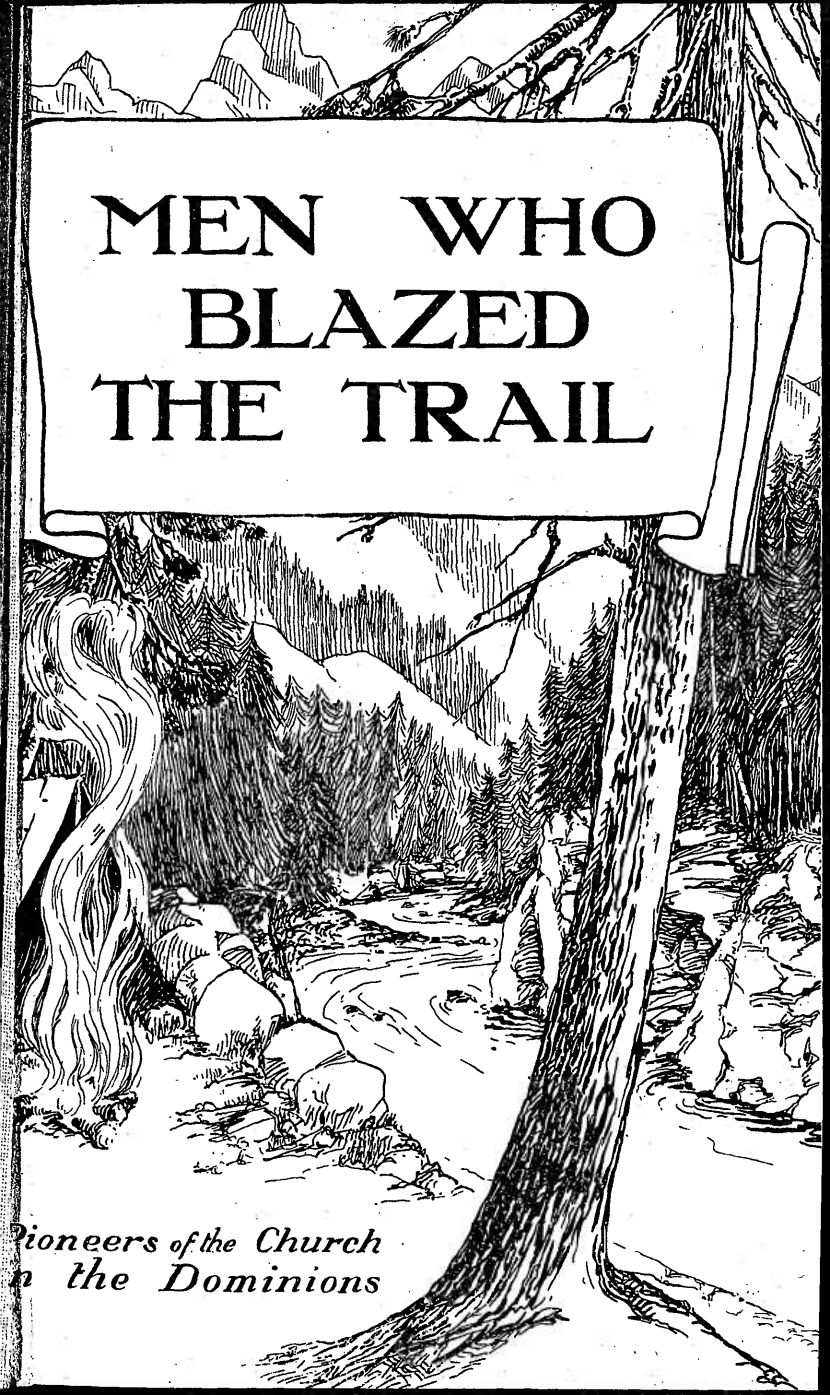


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MEN WHO BLAZED THE TRAIL

*Pioneers of the Church
in the Dominions*



Men who Blazed the Trail

STORIES OF THE CHURCH'S PIONEERS
IN CANADA, AUSTRALIA, AND
NEW ZEALAND.

By *MARY H. DEBENHAM.*

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FOREWORD.

Everyone knows, we hope, Kipling's poem about the explorer, the man who, called by God's whisper into the unknown land, blazed the trail by which those who followed might "go up and occupy."

The Church, as well as the Empire, has her pioneers. They, like the explorer in the poem, would be the first to vow that the price of their work was paid them "ten times over" by Him Who sent them forth, but it is a poor thing that their names should be forgotten or unknown by men of their Church and nation.

Their stories should be to us as a trumpet call to "go up and occupy" by the track they have left us; to see to it that where our English folk go their Church goes with them. We talk glibly enough about our Empire-builders overseas, and the old psalm answers us with its solemn reminder like a single calling bell

*Except the Lord build the house, their labour is
but lost that build it.*

Surely we at home, with our goodly heritage of an ancient Church, are not going to leave our own kindred without the help that will make their labour worth while.

*Dear
Pam*

M.H.D.

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Men who Blazed the Trail

BISHOP STEWART.

"The man who found his place."

SOME hundred and twenty years ago the Venerable Society for The Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts was holding a meeting at head-quarters. We have seen pictures of meetings held about that date, and exceedingly dull pictures they are. The gentlemen in their high cravats look so very dull and so much alike that we find it difficult to imagine much enthusiasm about their proceedings. Probably, in spite of their severe clothing and their rather long-winded way of expressing themselves, they were interesting people, quite as much on fire with missionary keenness as those who work for the same Society to-day. For they lived, as we do, in stirring times.

England was at grips with the great world-victor, Napoleon. It was two years since Nelson ran up his famous challenge on the morning of Trafalgar; there were eight more to run before Waterloo lifted the great menace from all Europe. And, in those anxious days, the English Church, after a long time of slackness, was waking again to the duty of handing on the Truth that others had brought long ago to our land.

Among those present at this particular meeting was a man of thirty or thereabouts, who had come up from his country parish in Huntingdonshire with the definite intention of offering himself to the S.P.G. for work in India. He was the most humble and unassuming of men, but he might, like Alan Breac in Stevenson's

"Kidnapped," have gone about announcing that he bore a king's name. He was a son of the Earl of Galloway, and signed himself Charles Stewart, and he traced his descent back to a brother of that High Steward of Scotland who married the daughter of Robert Bruce and was the ancestor of all the Stewart kings.

The Rev. the Hon. Charles Stewart was not a handsome man, for he was big and rather ungainly, with keen grey eyes and a hooked nose, and that extraordinary hair which you meet sometimes in the West of Scotland, black which is almost the blue of the darkest blue hyacinths. Life up to now had been an easy and a pleasant thing for him. He was one of a large and affectionate family and had studied with a tutor in his Scottish home until he went to Oxford. At four-and-twenty a cousin presented him to his country living, and, as he owned quite freely later, it was not all at once that he could make up his mind to leave the pleasant home and the easy, straightforward work. But the blood of his fighting kindred was astir in the veins of this man who was pledged to be a soldier of the Cross, and his conscience was beginning to prick him about the hard work overseas that was crying out for the help of the younger, stronger men. So here he was, come to offer for India, knowing quite well that it would be an uphill task, since missionaries were not very popular just then with those in authority in the East.

But something happened at the meeting which changed his plans. A letter was read from one of the clergy supported by the Society in Canada, the new possession which had been won for Britain less than forty years before, and had since risen in importance because of the loss of the United States. The place where this man was at work was about seventy miles south-east of Montreal, just on the border between the British possessions and America. Border countries have always had a rather turbulent reputation. People

who have made their own district too hot to hold them have a habit of straying over on to the farther side of the dividing line just beyond the reach of the arm of the law, and this place, called in the old French fashion the Seigneurie of St. Armand, was no exception to the rule.

There were dark stories of counterfeit notes manufactured in out-of-the-way places unsuspected by the authorities, and the widely scattered population, making a very precarious living in the new country, were about as rough as they could be. There was no church, for apparently nobody wanted one, and a population was growing up which cared for the laws of neither God nor man.

It was not a cheerful letter to be received by the Society which was finding the money for Church work in the new country, but to one of the hearers it was as clear a trumpet call as ever summoned his brave ancestors to a service of danger.

"If the board will accept me for this post," said Mr. Stewart, "I am at their service."

After all, it did not matter where he went. It was as good missionary work to save English folk from slipping into heathenism in Canada as to teach a heathen race in India. His offer was accepted, and early in August his good-byes were said and he sailed—it really was sailing then—for Quebec.

There must be something very thrilling about coming up the St. Lawrence River, the whole journey is so alive with splendid memories.

Here came the two gallant Breton sailors, Cartier and Champlain, hoping to find a water-way through to India and China. Here the early French settlers lived in nightly fear of Indian braves creeping noiselessly up to their frail defences. And up that precipitous rock Wolfe and his four hundred climbed under cover of the darkness to change history on the Heights of Abraham.

The Scottish clergyman, too, was out for a great adventure, when, after a short stay in Quebec and Montreal, in late October, as the Canadian winter was beginning, he pushed on to his new work at St. Armand. It was Saturday night when he arrived and put up at the inn, which was kept by a decent man, ready to do his best for his visitor. Mr. Stewart asked him at once whether he could have the use of his biggest room next day. The landlord readily agreed, but when his guest went on to ask that he would let the people know that there would be a service there to-morrow he shook his head and discouraged the idea.

"They will not come," he told Mr. Stewart, "they do not care in the least for services. A preacher of some sort settled here a little while back, but he could make nothing of them. They were altogether too wicked and hardened, and after a little while he moved away and left them to their own devices. You had better leave them alone, Reverend, you will only make trouble."

So said the good landlord, and he then got the first of many surprises given him by this extraordinary Scotsman.

"If all you say is true," said Mr. Stewart, "then this is the very place for me," and he went on with his preparations for a Sunday service.

So, on that October Sunday and on each Sunday until the end of November, the English Church service, with the familiar prayers and psalms, was said in the village inn among the western woods.

The extraordinary thing was that a few people came, and then more people, and they went on coming. Mr. Stewart loved afterwards to tell the story of how, at the very beginning, when some of the roughest of the inhabitants tried to get rid of him, as they had got rid of the other preacher, an old lady from the States asked him to her house and heartened him for the fight. She

was a Presbyterian, a good, God-fearing woman, and as she wished the new-comer "good luck in the name of the Lord," he felt that he had one neighbour at any rate strong on the right side. Also, he had his own certainty that the people wanted him, or rather that they wanted what he had to give them, whether they really knew it or not.

To be absolutely certain that you hold a secret which can meet people's needs and make their lives worth living does give a man a most extraordinary power and confidence. Besides, he believed in these wild parishioners of his.

He wrote home to his mother that they were really not a bit worse than people at home; rougher, of course, and very ignorant, but that was not their fault. They were so desperately poor, too, so very short of everything that made life at all pleasant or comfortable. Mr. Stewart was well off, but he spent next to nothing on his own comforts. Many and many a struggling settler was helped over a difficult time by the kindly parson who always knew when sickness or a bad season had made things extra hard.

After a little while he shifted his place of worship to the school house, and by the time he and his people had weathered a winter together, they were talking about a church. He had bought himself a house, an unpretentious little wooden building of one storey, standing high on the hill above the village. The furniture was simple enough, plain wooden chairs and tables such as you might see in any new settler's home, but the view from the windows made up for a good deal, such a sweep of glorious forest country, beautiful in every season, from the wonderful sudden spring to the flaming Canadian autumn tints and the solemn white of winter woods.

Before the end of Mr. Stewart's second winter there was a new building to be seen, the wooden church of the Holy Trinity, the very first in the district, where no

less than a thousand people gathered from far and wide on the day of the opening service. Everybody had a hand in it, for the people gave what they could, and Mr. Stewart backed their gifts by his own, and they loved their church as people do love a building that has been raised by their own work and sacrifice. Two years later there was another church at the far end of the parish, twelve miles away, and Mr. Stewart rode from one to the other, giving each a service in turn.

He had not a few godchildren and plenty of namesakes among the children he had baptized, and many a little Charlie or Charlotte had a treasured Bible or Prayer Book to show long afterwards which their parson godfather had brought on one of his visits.

Living on a frontier may be exciting in more ways than one, and so Mr. Stewart and his people found it when the great European war in which England was engaged brought trouble with the United States. Often it was the parson of St. Armand who stopped an unnecessary raid or skirmish, and occasionally he had wounded men to care for. Peace was concluded in 1814, and the next year Mr. Stewart paid his first visit home. His mother was growing old and wanted to see him, and he was glad to have the chance of talking to English Church people of their countrymen in the new colonies, who surely had some claim upon the generosity of the home folk whose beautiful churches had been built and endowed with no effort on their own part.

He came back to Canada after two years in the old country, but not to settle again at St. Armand. When he volunteered for service abroad it was pioneer work that he meant to do. He had all the instinct of the Shepherd who found it impossible to be content with ninety-nine comfortably folded sheep while there was one astray on the hills, and there were plenty of people in the newly settled districts quite as wild as his first parishioners had been ten years before. The man who

had been schoolmaster at St. Armand was now a priest and had been taking charge, so Mr. Stewart applied to the Bishop of Quebec for leave to go further afield, making his head-quarters at a neglected village called Hatley.

There was no parsonage in the district, so Mr. Stewart lodged with a farmer, who had a spare garret to let, to which you climbed by a ladder staircase. It was not a big room, and, as the roof sloped down at one end to within two feet of the floor, Mr. Stewart, being a tall man, can hardly have done much with that end of it.

The people couldn't make him out at all at first, he was so unlike any minister they had ever seen. There had been preachers there before, solemn people, who kept a special voice to mark them as holier than their neighbours. Mr. Stewart had a quick, bright manner that didn't fit in with his parishioners' ideas of a religious man. Besides, as one of them remarked, a man with his boots so well cleaned as Mr. Stewart's were couldn't possibly be really pious.

What is there, I wonder, specially religious about a drawl and dirty boots?

Charles Stewart was certainly too honest a man to cultivate the drawl, and too gallant a gentleman to depress his rather sad and struggling congregation by going about with a long face. As for the boots, he probably didn't bother much about them, but he had a devoted servant who had followed him from England and stuck to him through all ups and downs and in many queer places, and probably he saw to it that his master's boots were decently blacked when he had the where-withal to do it.

We know something about those Hatley days, thanks to a visitor who spent some time there and had the chance of seeing and noting many things which might

never otherwise have got into print. Bishop Jacob Mountain, of Quebec, had a son, a clergyman, of whom we shall hear more by and by, who was at that time travelling round the diocese to report to the Governor upon the work of the Church in the colony. He fell ill at Hatley and was laid up there for some time, Mr. Stewart doing everything possible for his comfort. He was lodged in the best room—the farmhouse attic in other words—his wife coming from Quebec to nurse him, and his host disappearing into some other corner as naturally and cheerfully as if he had had a dozen rooms to choose from.

Young George Mountain must have learnt a good deal as he lay under the sloping roof and watched his cheery, gracious host and heard what people said about him. There was a sort of quiet, steady persistence about his work, that habit of "keeping on keeping on," which is not showy, but tells in the end.

As Mr. Stewart had done at St. Armand so he did here, he went on quietly helping the most unfriendly people until he broke down their distrust. He went in and out of every house for miles round, speaking out straight and strong against wrong-doing, but always ready to help shoulder the difficulties of those hard, lonely lives, and at everybody's service in times of sickness or sorrow.

When it was possible he liked to do regular things on regular days, being well aware that what can be done at any time has a way of never getting done at all. He safeguarded as far as he could special times for prayer and study, and his people came to know that, unless there were some urgent reason, they were not likely to see him on a Friday. Perhaps he did more for them on that day than on any other, for he spent it in intercession and fasting, spreading out all his work as Hezekiah spread out the threatening letter before the Master Who understood.

There was not much notice taken of the fasts of the Church a hundred and twenty years ago, and Mr. Stewart's fare was plain enough at all times, but on Fridays he kept to potatoes and salt only. What a crowd of names must have been remembered on those Fridays; dwellers in lonely farm-houses, little newly-formed congregations, fellow workers and friends and godchildren and people in every variety of "danger, necessity, and tribulation." That farm-house loft with the sloping roof was a very power-station for all the country round.

But even the farm-house loft was not to hold Mr. Stewart for very long. With him it was always "into the wilderness" as soon as the hard spade work had been done and he had a parish to hand on to someone else.

We find him next with the title of "Visiting Missionary" on a journey of eighteen hundred miles among the new settlers who were flocking out to Canada in the hard times that followed the Napoleonic war. We smile a little when we read that he went to the extreme west of Canada, for our map shows us that he was only in the neighbourhood of Toronto. Everywhere he urged the colonists to get a church and a priest of their own as soon as they possibly could, a centre where they could gather at regular times for prayer and sacrament, and be reminded of God Who is apt to be crowded out in the hard struggle to make a home in a new country.

Mr. Stewart sent regular reports to the S.P.G. and told about the keenness of some of the people, about new churches and schools and Confirmation candidates. He told very little about long, lonely journeys with the snow for highway, or of short commons, and nights in log huts and wayside taverns where the cleanliness was doubtful and the company not of the choicest. Nevertheless, he was evidently a very happy man, being, as he had said at St. Armand, in the right place. We talk sometimes of the lucky people who find their niche, and

Charles Stewart, doing with all his might what wanted doing so badly, was certainly one of these, though it seems hardly correct to use the word "niche" for a man who was almost perpetually in motion.

He went back to England once to make a report about some questions of Church property, and in 1825 he was called home again, this time to be equipped for a new post and new work.

Bishop Mountain, the first Bishop of Quebec, had died, and there was no question about the fittest man to succeed him. On New Year's Day, 1826, Charles Stewart was consecrated in the chapel at Lambeth Palace, and sent to be Father in God to the scattered folk, whose trials and difficulties he knew so well. We are not surprised to hear that one of his very first cares was to appoint a new Visiting Missionary to carry on the work he had been doing; but, in fact, he himself was almost as constantly on the move as before his consecration.

It was a joy to go over the old ground, to confirm the boys and girls whom he had baptized, and to take service in the churches for which he had helped to find the funds. Now and then he would get a little bit of the old personal pioneer work that he loved.

He had been on a Confirmation tour along the coast, and had taken with him one of his clergy who had been ill and wanted a change. They had been staying in Halifax with the Governor and were driving through woods where the roads were probably none of the best, when the carriage broke down. There was nothing for it but to wait until something in the way of a conveyance could be found, and the coachman and the Bishop's servant went off to look for help. The convalescent clergyman evidently saw no fun at all in the adventure, and sat dolefully upon a fallen pine tree, remarking that he wished he were safe in Quebec.

Perhaps it was partly to give him something fresh to think about that the Bishop pointed out a thin line of smoke rising among the trees and suggested that they should go to find out whence it came.

They made their way to the very roughest of log huts, out of which came a woman in clothes shabby and worn beyond description. Her speech and manners, however, were surprisingly better than her surroundings. She gazed in wonder at the two clergymen and invited them into the hut.

She was Irish, she said, and was alone there with her two daughters; her husband had gone to Halifax to find work.

It was clear enough that they were miserably poor. The girls, aged twelve and fifteen, as ragged as their mother, came at the Bishop's call and forgot to be shy as he talked to them and asked his kindly questions. The poor woman had done her best for them. They knew their Bible better than many girls with twenty times their chances, knew their Catechism, too, and not just in parrot fashion, but with real understanding of its meaning. The mother brought out her few books, carefully kept and well worn. They had been given to her before she left Ireland, she said; there was some good Society that published them on purpose for people who could not afford to buy any for themselves.

Our good old S.P.C.K. ! We little think as we turn over its books now, of all that those publications meant to Church colonists a hundred years ago.

The Bishop asked whether the girls would not like to go to service and learn to earn their living. The poor mother's eyes filled and her cheeks flushed as she glanced at her daughters' pitiful attire.

She knew what good maids ought to look like, as we see them in the pretty, quaint pictures of a hundred years ago, in neat print gowns with elbow sleeves,

white kerchiefs and aprons, and clean frilled caps. What hope was there for her two poor dears with their patched garments hardly holding together?

"Oh, sir," she faltered, "who would take them?" The Bishop understood, of course. He just slipped into her hand such a sum as she had not handled for many a long day.

"Take them into Halifax and get what they want," he said, "and then go to Government House and see Lady Susan Maitland. I'll write to her about it."

Can't we fancy the girls' faces! Think of a day's shopping in Halifax, with money to spend on new clothes when your own were nothing but darns and patches. I believe Bishop Stewart must have realized the joy of it, bachelor man as he was, and that he loved to think of those girls and their mother handling the material and choosing the ribbons.

After that even the invalid clergyman was driven to take a cheerier view of life, and to admit that the breakdown of the carriage had been an ill wind that blew very kindly upon that log hut.

But Bishop Stewart's vigorous work for the colony was very nearly over. He was not an old man, little over sixty, but he had never been very strong, and he had lived hard and worn himself out ungrudgingly for his people. When he came back to England in 1836 it was clear that he had not long to live. He wanted to get to his old home in Scotland, but his strength failed very fast after the voyage from Canada, and he had to give up the idea.

* * * * *

Two pictures are left to us of those last days, both so characteristic that it is good to look at them.

The Bishop went to stay at Brighton with one of his brothers, and the clergyman of the church he attended was asked to come to see him. The home worker, who had heard much of the Bishop of Quebec, felt

rather like a young recruit in the presence of a wounded and decorated veteran as he sat in the Bishop's room and heard him talk about Canada, and read at his request some of those prayers from the Visitation of the Sick which Mr. Stewart had read so often in the lonely farms and log huts of his people. As he was leaving, the Bishop called him back.

"There is one more prayer," he said, "one that I have often used, for a sick child. Will you say that for me?"

That was what he liked to feel himself, the strong, simple-hearted man who had been so far and done so much, a little child waiting his Father's call to go home. The call was not long delayed.

We hear of him once more in the London home of his nephew, the Earl of Galloway. The servant who had shared with him so many rough journeys was beside him still and the Bishop liked to hear him read the Bible every day. He liked to see the friends whom his nephew brought to him, and everyone who came near him had the same tale to tell of his unvarying gentleness and courtesy, even though his memory and mind were failing. Lady Galloway loved to remember that she never went to his room without hearing him pray softly that God would bless her and the children.

* * * * *

So, quietly and trustfully, with those he loved about him, the pioneer Bishop passed to the rest that he had earned so well.

BISHOP GEORGE MOUNTAIN.

"In Journeyings often."

WHEN Bishop Stewart, breaking down under the weight of his great diocese, urged the appointment of a Suffragan Bishop for Montreal, he had no doubt in his own mind as to the best man for the post. His own right-hand man, his best helper and adviser during the heavy years had been his Archdeacon, George Mountain, the very same man who had been his guest in the garret with the sloping roof in the farm-house at Hatley.

George Mountain was the son of Bishop Stewart's predecessor, the first Bishop of Quebec, and had come out to Canada as a child of four years old, when his father left an English parish for work in the new world. The little George was one of a good large party, for not only the Bishop with his wife and four children, but also his sisters and a married brother with his family decided to go westward, so that thirteen Mountains of all ages landed at Quebec on All Saints' Day, 1793. A very happy home Bishop Mountain made of it at Woodfield, three miles from Quebec, and we can easily see, as we read George's diaries and letters, how much those days had to do with making him the man he was.

The Mountain brothers and sisters were family folk, with a hearty love and admiration for father and mother and with plenty of happy memories and little home associations as links between them when, later, they were scattered in many directions. In his beautiful home George must have learnt his love for natural history, and gained the quick eye for birds and flowers which gave him so much joy in later days. He grew up among all the glories of hills and woods, rivers and

lakes, and learnt to love all these things with a keen, glad, reverent love, to like to be alone in great silent places, to enjoy sunrise and starlight and the solemn beauty of the snow. He began to write verses and, what was even better, to enjoy the best books written by other people, and he learnt to ride and climb and walk long distances.

When he was sixteen he went to England, and there he grew to appreciate the beautiful things of the old country, to take exceeding delight in old grey castles and moated manor houses and in the upsoaring arches of our great cathedrals. There is a letter of his, written after his return to Canada, in which he draws the sort of home that he would like best, with a taste of both the old and the new land about it. It should be a *château*, he wrote, like those of the first French settlers, standing at the head of a very quiet bay with an old-fashioned garden, gay with flowers, running down to the seashore. The house should be full of books and the very nicest of friends should come to stay, and when a boat got on to the rocks there would be the joy of welcoming and drying and feeding all the shipwrecked people.

It certainly sounded pleasant enough, but the man who described such a life knew quite well that it was not the sort of thing for him. He was called to something quite different, and in spite of his love for beauty and scholarship and family life there was another side of him that wanted adventure and risk, and new, exciting experiences. He laughed at himself for being such a boy, but he owned that he would sooner any day pick his way on horseback through a forest than travel comfortably along the high road in his carriage.

Of such expeditions he certainly had his fill when he returned to Canada and, after working first under his father and then with Bishop Stewart, was called in 1836 to be Bishop of Montreal. He kept the title, even though Bishop Stewart died a year later and

he had to shoulder the whole weight of the huge diocese, thirteen thousand miles from end to end. He wanted the home Church and the Government to realize that it was impossible for one man to do the work, and it was not until fourteen years later, when a Bishop of Montreal was appointed, that he took over the title of Bishop of Quebec. His house was either in Quebec or at a little distance outside, but though, as we know, he was a real home lover, though he had a wife who was the best of helpmates and children whom he loved devotedly, the story of his life must be the story of continual journeys.

David Livingstone, missionary and explorer, declared that he would rather cross Africa again than give an account of how he did it, and indeed the story of travels is not an easy one to tell. What looks to other people just a list of names and dates is full of memories to those who made the journey, memories of little things that mattered so much at the time, but would be quite impossible to tell.

Think of the most widely read travelling diary that was ever kept, the story set down by a certain physician named Luke in the days when Rome ruled the world. If we could go over with him the account of those travels, how many interesting things he would find to tell us about those stopping-places which are dismissed in a single sentence with hardly a word about any of them. What we do get from his story is a pretty clear idea of how that missionary party planned and carried out their expeditions; and the leader, the man whom the writer so loved and honoured, stands out living and clear before us.

So what we want to do now is to gather some idea of how Church work was done in Canada eighty or ninety years ago, and what manner of man was the Bishop who carried on what his father and Bishop Stewart had begun.

It is sometimes said that you can give no higher praise to your friend than to declare that you would like to travel with him. If that is true in our easy luxurious travelling it meant a great deal more in Canada in the first half of the last century. And that was what people said of Bishop Mountain.

When you find a man who never gets cross over delays, even if his journey is held up for days together; who can put up cheerily with any sort of food; who treats a blinding snowstorm or a breakdown in a forest as what Peter Pan would call "an awfully great adventure"; who never loses his head or his temper and thinks of everybody except himself—well, you have a travelling companion with whom you can face most things.

There was one advantage which St. Paul and his company, eighteen hundred years earlier, had over the Bishop of Quebec—they travelled chiefly by the wonderful Roman roads. There were very few thoroughfares of that sort in Bishop Mountain's diocese. It seems strange to find a country where travelling may be better and more rapid in the winter, but it was so quite often in Canada, where the deep, hard frozen snow might make a highway over tracks almost impassable at other times for anything on wheels.

"Rolling and sliding" were the words used to distinguish between cart and sleigh, and sliding was often the quicker and easier of the two, unless you got an unexpected thaw! The Bishop's journal has an account of such a thaw, which came one January, when he was travelling westward up the Gulf of St. Lawrence and might reasonably have expected the snow to last on for a bit and do its duty as a road.

The Bishop's party were out among the fields, quite away from the summer track, and were continually brought up by brooks and ditches, running breast high with the melted snow. The driver refused to be responsible for any one but himself, and he stood up in

the sleigh and balanced it as best he could, while the horses struggled and scrambled across the streams. The Bishop and his companions crossed as they could on foot, sometimes on fencing-rails laid from bank to bank, sometimes on a shaky fence, with the water running between the lower bars, an undignified and exciting performance, as those know who have ever sidled across a sheep-fence from bank to bank of a Scottish burn.

It was on this journey that the Bishop consecrated a little wooden unpainted building which the people wanted to call the "Mountain Church," as a delicate compliment to himself, though they readily fell in with his suggestion that St. John the Baptist should be chosen as patron saint, since the church would assuredly be used for preaching in the wilderness.

The travelling diary told of many a real snowy journey, one a good deal like another. They must be strange, solemn places in winter, those great forests, with their tall, straight fir trees, sometimes a hundred feet and more in height, the boughs bent low by the weight of the snow, one narrow and silent track cut by earlier pioneers leading through from one little settlement to another. If the snow were hard frozen the going would be good, otherwise it was heavy indeed. Once get off the track in one of the open clearings where the wind had blown the fine white snow into drifts, and your horses would be over their backs in a moment. That meant long delay, the poor beasts plunging and struggling; the men, waist deep themselves, beating and trampling the snow into some sort of a path back to the more solid track. Often a dense, blinding snow-storm would sweep down upon them, baffling even those who knew the country best.

One January night when the Bishop's party had lost their bearings, they came upon a new clearing, and saw to their great satisfaction a light shining through the

uncurtained window of a log hut. The picture, as the travellers looked in, was a good one to see. Away there in the clearing of the snowy forest, an English mother sat with her children close about her, reading them their Bible story at bed-time. The visitors had a moment to look at the little group before their coming was discovered. Then there was a delighted welcome for the Bishop, and the hardy woman volunteered gladly to be guide to the party. With lantern in hand she trudged along stoutly in front of them until they were safely on the track to their next stopping-place.

Very often the Bishop had to depend upon the people with whom he put up for the night for the means of covering the next stage of his journey. They gave him of their best ungrudgingly, but struggling farmers, a long way out of sight of making their fortune, have not much in the way of horses and carriages to lend even to bishops. One day it would be a springless cart with half the bottom out and a board nailed across it for a seat, drawn by an unshod horse whose harness (tied together with bits of string) had long ago seen its best days. When the Bishop and his portmanteau were both aboard, with a sack and a bit of birch bark tied over the luggage to keep the rain out, there was no possible room for the driver, so he ran by the side up hill and down dale—and very considerable hills and dales—for thirteen miles. The harness broke down fairly often and had to be tied up again with cod line, but Bishop and portmanteau eventually got through to their destination.

Another time it was a horse taken from the plough (which means a good deal at a busy time on the farm), the ordinary headstall, blinkers, and halter of a cart-horse and a bit of rope for reins. The saddle did just hold together, but that was all you could say for it. The road that day was blocked again and again by fallen trees. There had been a terrific storm a day or two

before and twenty times over in about six miles the Bishop and his cart-horse had to make a detour to get round the huge trees lying across the track, and to fight through the bushes and dense undergrowth back to the road again, only to find another bar in front of them.

If it was often difficult for the Bishop to keep his appointments it was no easier for his Confirmation candidates to be there in time. On foot and on horse-back, through snow-storms and rain they gathered to the little scattered churches when the message reached them that the Bishop for whose visit they had been preparing was actually on his way. Poor enough buildings the little churches often were, with a smoky stove for warmth and perhaps the splash, splash of melting snow dripping through the roof on to the floor. There was not much in the way of outward beauty to help the reverence of the congregation, but they were keen and in earnest or they certainly would not have taken so much trouble to come. Very often there would be candidates turning up after the service was over, having been delayed by weather or by a breakdown on the roads. Then the Bishop would put on his robes and take the beautiful service again for the poor, disappointed, travel-soiled party who had come under such difficulties for the great Gift.

The people gave, too, to the best of their ability, in money or in kind, for the building of churches and the support of their clergy. One woman, who had no money, brought a silver soup-ladle to be sold for the help of Church funds. If we were set thus in a new land, with just the necessities of life and no pretty things to make the new house home-like, we should understand better the worth of that sacrifice of one of the treasures of the old home days.

And when the Bishop stayed a night in one of the little farms or in a lonely log-hut, when he was asked to take family prayers, or when he read and explained a

chapter, taking care to get close to the great-grandmother who was hard of hearing and might miss some of the words, then he had the joy of knowing that his people did really look upon him as a "Father in God."

There were certain outlying parts of the diocese which were always on his mind. It required such a long time, taken from other work, to get to them, and yet the few people had been placed under his care and wanted looking up as much as those in the accessible places.

There were the Magdalen Islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, where the people were mostly French and nearly all Roman Catholics, yet there were a few English church people there who had been neglected for too long. It was only possible to get to the islands in the summer, and difficult then to find a boat, but the Bishop managed to get there on board a rather miserable French fishing schooner, smelling dreadfully of cod. He landed at half-past four in the morning in the pouring rain on an uninhabited bit of shore strewn with the heads of codfish, and sat in a little hole in the cliff while the kindly fishermen hunted up a French lad with a very old cart and a "wretched rat of a horse" harnessed with strips of seal-skin, to take him a bit farther. After endless delays he got at last to a settlement of English folk, where about fifty gathered for a service. They had never seen a Church of England clergyman since the first of them came more than twenty years before, and there were only two prayer books in the whole place, but they joined as well as they could in the service and brought their little ones to be baptized. When, after visiting some of the other islands, the Bishop found a schooner to take him home, the women insisted on putting loaves of their own baking and home-made cheeses on board, in gratitude to the man who had come to show them that they were not quite forgotten by their Church.

Another expedition was to the Red River in Prince Rupert's Land, the country owned in those days by the Hudson Bay Company. There was a settlement of English colonists, who, after a very hard fight and many hardships and difficulties, were beginning to be prosperous, and the Church Missionary Society was doing good work among the Indians. The district was supposed to be under the care of the Bishop of London, who was not likely to see much of the poor people committed to his charge, and Bishop Mountain felt that he ought to visit them if possible. The only way of getting there was by canoe, along a chain of rivers and lakes, a distance of eighteen hundred miles.

A start was made each morning at three o'clock and the party landed for breakfast at eight, when the Bishop and his Chaplain would retire behind a tree, hang a bit of looking-glass on a branch, and do their shaving. So lonely was the country that they went on for five days without meeting a single human being; only here and there were the forts of the Hudson Bay Company, held by a handful of brave, lonely men, where more than once the Bishop held a Confirmation service for one candidate only.

It took nearly six weeks to reach the Red River Settlement, and the Bishop's stay there could only be for eighteen days, lest it should be too late in the season to take the canoe back by the river. It was hard to say who were more pleased to see the Bishop, the brave English settlers or the Christian Indians, who declared that the Chief Praying Father, as they called him, must certainly have preached to their people before, he knew so exactly what to say to them. At any rate, this expedition made him able to speak with authority both to the home Church and to the Government of the necessity of having a Bishop of Rupert's Land on the spot. Until a Bishop was appointed, he himself kept up a regular correspondence with the

Missionaries, who were thankful indeed to write to someone who had seen them at work and could give understanding advice and sympathy.

The other far point to be visited was the east end of the Diocese, the wild, cold coast of Labrador, cut off in winter for months at a time from the rest of the world.

The Dioceses of Quebec and Newfoundland shared this country between them, and it seemed to be something of a Cinderella to both the big sisters. The Bishop had set his heart on sending a Missionary there and wanted to go himself first as pioneer. He had with him his son and one of the clergy who had volunteered for the work, but the volunteer was so dismayed at the poverty and loneliness of the first place they reached that he promptly went back again, leaving the Bishop, who kept his seventy-second birthday during the trip, to go on with only his son. They had the great pleasure of falling in with the Bishop of Newfoundland in his beautiful little Church ship, *The Hawk*, and there was a wonderful Sunday indeed for one of the little Labrador churches, with two Bishops helping in the service! Before the next year was out Bishop Mountain had the comfort of sending a priest to care for the people there, a student from St. Augustine's College at Canterbury, who, like the Good Shepherd, was prepared to go into the wilderness for the sake of the scattered sheep.

Although the story of Bishop Mountain has to be almost entirely a story of journeyings, it would never do to give the idea that he neglected the work at the centre, the older and more settled part of his Diocese. There is no room in this short account of him to tell of his wise plans for the up-keep of the Church, or the founding of Bishop's College, for the training of men for the ministry, at Lennoxville, in the south-east part of the Diocese, near the American border.

One thing that people at Quebec would certainly never forget was the Bishop's work among the sick at the terrible time of the ship fever. It was just after the fearful famine which followed the failure of the potato crop in Ireland, and crowds of emigrants were flocking to Canada in the hope of making a living in the new country. The famine fever, as it was called, broke out in the ships, and in the very hottest days of July the hospitals on the island in the St. Lawrence, which were kept for patients in quarantine and which had accommodation for about one hundred and fifty, were wanted for two thousand sick. Every possible shed and tent was full to overflowing, and eight hundred of the unhappy people had to remain in the stifling holds of the ships with hardly anyone to care for them.

The Bishop was everywhere, taking all the worst places himself, organizing relief, ministering to the sick and dying, and caring for the many orphans, left in a strange country with no one to provide for them. He was backed up gallantly by his clergy, who took their turn, a week at a time, at the hospital work, and the Diocese lost two good men who caught the fever and died.

Another thing that must be remembered, if we are to understand the real self-sacrifice of Bishop Mountain's work, is his love for his own kindred and for the home life, which was all the dearer because he could enjoy it so seldom. The years brought many gaps in the family circle. When he returned from the Magdalen Islands his eldest son met him with the news of the death of his younger boy, a gallant young soldier stationed at Gibraltar. Just after the Labrador trip his wife died after only a few days' illness.

The Bishop was an old man now, white-haired, and with the beautiful serene face of one who goes steadily forward with his work for Christ without

talking about the cost of it. He had the joy of a son, whom he had ordained, working under him in the Diocese, and of grandchildren growing up around him. They were all together, a merry family party, on Christmas Day, 1862, but next day, "the feast of Stephen," the Bishop was kept away from church by a cold. There were a few days of suffering, during which all his thoughts were for the Diocese and for those about him, his family, and the household. Once, quite at the end, when speech was almost gone, those near him caught the word "Labrador," the newest and hardest of his mission stations.

Twenty-six years before, on the festival of the Epiphany, he had started on his first tour as Bishop of Montreal. And it was in the dark before the dawn of the Epiphany, 1863, that the man who had followed the Star so faithfully, set forth on the last journey which would bring him into the nearer Presence of the Christmas King.

BISHOP FEILD OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

"We are as near to Heaven by sea as by land."

So cried the gallant Sir Humfrey Gilbert from the deck of the *Squirrel* frigate to his comrades on the *Golden Hind* as they took their ill-omened voyage homeward after claiming the Island of Newfoundland for Queen Elizabeth. It had an unfortunate start, this first colony of ours, for Sir Humfrey, though as noble a gentleman as ever stepped, lacked the gifts necessary for a leader, especially the leader of such a very mixed company of adventurers as went with him to the west. Yet, in spite of plots and mutinies and many "hard events," his hopes of future success were unconquerable, and it was with the promise of "setting forth royally next spring" that he sailed for England, himself taking the post of danger on the smaller vessel. How, on a Monday night about twelve of the clock, those on the *Golden Hind* saw the lights of the *Squirrel* go out, and how the watch cried out that the admiral was cast away, has been told by Mr. Edward Hays, "a principal actor" in the same voyage, and no lover of "Westward Ho" can forget how the news came to Adrian Gilbert in Devon that his "great and glorious brother was better bestowed than in settling Newfoundland, even with the God Whom he served."

Since then many another gallant Englishman has found that Sir Humfrey Gilbert's island needed all the courage and resource that a brave man could bring to it. "A rough coast with no interior," someone has called Newfoundland, and though the description is not quite fair to the tracts of beautiful country which have been cultivated inland, yet it is the broken,

indented coast-line which gives the island its character. It is the sea which is the highway everywhere, by boat in summer and in winter across the ice, and the creeks run up so far into the land that seventy years ago the inhabitants of one little settlement were as much separated from their next neighbours as if they lived a hundred miles away. They were all alike in one respect, for everyone was a fisherman and depended upon the sea for his living. Otherwise the people were as different as they could well be, one village being lucky enough to have a school or, at any rate, a few inhabitants who were God-fearing, educated people and kept up some sort of a standard among their neighbours, while in the next bay the villagers might be very little better than savages.

Certainly Newfoundland was not an easy place to deal with; it needed a man of undaunted courage and tireless energy, who would be ready to endure every sort of risk and hardship for the sake of a mere handful of often very rough fishing folk.

Such a man was, fortunately, ready to take charge of the Diocese when in 1844 the first Bishop of Newfoundland resigned the work.

Edward Feild, then Rector of a country parish in Gloucestershire, was known to his neighbours as a very hard-working parish priest, taking a special interest in the education of the children. There were no provided schools in those days; Mr. Feild built his own and did not a little of the teaching. He went about visiting other schools, too, in days when there were no Government inspectors, and when the buildings and the equipment would indeed astonish our present teachers. A stern man he was, who spoke his mind fearlessly and cared not a farthing for popularity; he could use the rod himself on a refractory boy if he thought it necessary, and yet

never was a man more tender to or better beloved by little children. The infants especially would tumble over each other to get close to him, and happy was the one who first got on to his knee.

He was a man who loved to tackle and to conquer difficulties, of which there were plenty waiting for him in the Diocese where he arrived in the July of 1844. One most valuable present followed him to his new home. A friend who knew what difficulty the late Bishop of Newfoundland had had in getting from place to place presented the Diocese with a "Church ship," the *Hawk*, to be used by Bishop Feild for his summer visitation round the coast. Many and many a "hard event" did the Bishop and his little bird ride out together, and he loved her from stem to stern as a man loves a trusted comrade.

A poorer Bishop surely never started work in a new place.

"I hav'n't a farthing," he wrote to a friend at home, when he had made the purchases necessary for the house which he was to share with his chaplain, a schoolmaster, two catechists, and two students. There was not much about it to suggest a Bishop's palace, no curtains, no carpets upstairs, and any new furniture was of plain deal. But his own poverty made it in one way easier for Bishop Feild to send out an appeal for men to come out and share a hard life.

His letter home reads rather like Garibaldi's offer to his recruits of "hunger, thirst, forced marches, battle, and death" for the love of country. He wanted men for the lonely stations round the coast, and he offered them bread and fish, a lodging and clothes, no fresh meat or butter for some months in the year, and bacon almost as rarely. Bread, too, would probably mean hard biscuit, of which a tub stood in his own dining-room. Worse than the poor

food was the loneliness, the long, long months when the little settlements were cut off by snow and frozen sea from the outside world, cut off from letters and newspapers and visitors except on the very rare occasions when someone got across by sleigh or on snow-shoes from another village.

On the other hand there was the joy of knowing that you were very badly wanted. When the *Hawk* put into one little bay after another and the Bishop went on shore, not only to hold Confirmations or to consecrate a little wooden church or a new burial ground, but to baptize children, take service in a hut or a store, and visit the sick like a parish priest, the cry everywhere was for a resident clergyman. Four hundred miles of coast-line with one priest; people who still talked of the last visit from him ten years ago, and treasured the prayer books given to them then; here and there a good agent of the merchants who supplied the store read prayers in his house on Sunday and welcomed any who liked to come.

These were the sort of things about which Bishop Feild wrote home, showing the desperate need of his poor Diocese. If the service was one of danger and hardship there was plenty of joy about it too; a man giving his life to the work could be so entirely a father in God, priest, teacher, doctor, magistrate, adviser and friend all in one, to a brave people whose love and confidence were a rich reward. Perhaps that accounted for the description of the Newfoundland clergy given by someone who wrote an account of his travels round the coast; there was a certain peace and contentment, he said, about all their faces, the peace and contentment of men who were doing a thoroughly necessary job among people who had learnt to trust them.

In fact, Bishop Feild's recruits, if there were not very many of them, were of absolutely the best

quality, and the stories he sent home were quite as thrilling and heroic as any yarns of the gentlemen adventurers of Sir Humfrey Gilbert's day. The name of one of them is familiar already, another Mr. Mountain, nephew of the first Bishop of Quebec. He had been educated at Eton and Oxford, and was so good a scholar that, when he came out to Newfoundland in reply to the Bishop's appeal, the only post to fit him seemed to be the headship of the college at St. John's, the cathedral town of the Diocese.

But Mr. Mountain wanted a harder job. He had come out for the sake of the lonely fisher people and he begged to be sent to them. He found just what he wanted at a place called Harbour Briton, on the south coast of Newfoundland, the centre of about forty little settlements, covering a district of one hundred and fifty miles. Some of his friends at home found the money to support a second missionary, and these two, Paul and Silas, as Bishop Feild liked to call them, did all that could be done for the scattered groups of fisher folk. Mr. Mountain would leave his companion in charge at Harbour Briton while he took long journeys, often beyond the bounds of his own big district to stations on the coast where there might be a man in charge who was only in deacon's orders, and who depended upon him for a celebration of the Holy Communion and for help and advice about his work. The parsonage house at Harbour Briton became a sort of little theological college, as one and another young man, who had heard of Mr. Mountain's work, came to him to see more of it and to put himself under the training of the brilliant scholar who had given up such great worldly prospects for the love of Christ. Those who lived with him knew that his sermons for the fisher folk were prepared with as much thought and prayer as if he had been preaching to an educated congregation at Oxford. With him,

as with his Master, everybody mattered and was worth the best he could give. When he went on his tours along the coast and stayed in the fishermen's huts, he liked to spend the night on a bench in the kitchen so that he might be ready to meet the men going out to work and give them a prayer and a blessing before they started the day. And if his house was a training college, it was very often a hospital, and now and again a peaceful refuge for someone near to death, that he might have comfort and tendance and prayer to help his passing over.

How Bishop Feild loved those splendid men of his we can gather from his letters. It is with a general's pride in his soldiers and a father's tenderness for his sons that he writes about them, and we feel as we read that it was just his own courage and devotion that drew the best men after him. We have a full account of the landing of the first missionary in Labrador, that wild bit of coast which was divided between the Dioceses of Newfoundland and Quebec. The Bishop parted, on board the Church Ship, with the young deacon, Mr. Gifford, who was to hold the fort single-handed for nine months at any rate, without the hope of so much as a letter from the world outside. He was to lodge with a fisherman who had undertaken to put a wooden partition across his sleeping-room to make a room for the clergyman, and two sailors "shoved the gentleman on shore," as they expressed it, in the ship's boat with the carpet bag which contained his few belongings.

As the *Hawk* went on her way the Bishop could see the solitary figure on the shore watching her out of sight, the last link between himself and the friends and kindred from whom he was cutting himself off through the long Labrador winter. It is pleasant to read of a later visit to the same place, and of Mr. Gifford in a wooden parsonage house, with a brave

wife and sister and a "lively and lovely" baby making a happy little home circle. He worked for ten years in his wild parish, and only left it because he was becoming crippled with rheumatism and was obliged to take a post in a warmer climate.

Another Labrador missionary, Mr. Hutchinson, was placed at a station called Battle Harbour, where he had a house of his own, and invited the Bishop and the rest of the party from the *Hawk* to a house-warming tea before the ship put to sea again. There was cocoa and jam, sent by a good friend from Jersey, but the parsonage boasted only two teacups, both cracked, and with no handles. Battle Harbour was a hard post indeed. Mr. Hutchinson spent three years there, never once tasting fresh beef, and was brought into St. John's, very weak and broken, by a passing man-o'-war. But he only allowed himself ten days' holiday and then got back again to the people who looked to him for most things. Mr. Mountain, after seven years at Harbour Briton, was induced to take over for a while the care of the Cathedral at St. John's, and there he died of fever, caught while ministering to the people during a bad epidemic.

One of his pupils, Mr. Le Gallais, began work as a young deacon at a place called Channel, and worked there for eleven years. Then, on a wild October day, there came a call to a sick parishioner on an island off the coast. Such calls came often enough, and there was always a fisherman ready to take the loved and trusted parson in any weather where he wanted to go. But this time the boat drifted in bottom upward, with no word to say when and where the two brave men had met their death. Mr. Le Gallais had been very specially dear to Bishop Feild, and in the shock and sorrow of his loss he thought much of Milton's lament for his friend

drowned in the Irish Channel. There was comfort in his thought of how the sun, sinking into the sea at night,

Flames in the forehead of the morning sky,
and of the faithful priest who had also

Sunk low, but mounted high
Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves.

He had gone home in the way he would have desired, straight from his work and facing the risks among which his people lived continually; the pitiful question which always followed any fresh gap in the small staff was, how to fill his place.

The Bishop's letters and reports were full of thankfulness for all these fellow-workers whom he visited on his tours round the coast. He was far too humble a man to realize how his own life inspired courage and unselfishness in everyone who came near him. He was a man who expected the best from people, and got it in the end, even if he had to wait for it and sometimes to suffer a good deal meanwhile. One thing which he made perfectly clear to his Diocese and which made him very unpopular in certain quarters was that Newfoundland Church people must not expect to have everything done for them from home. No one could speak more plainly than he did to the Church in England about the claim of fellow countrymen in the Colonies, where there were no beautiful buildings or old endowments such as we have enjoyed all our lives. But, on the other hand, he had no use at all for a Church of spoon-fed people who expected to have all the blessings of service and Sacrament without cost to themselves, and he built up everywhere a strong Church Society, or, as we call it here, a freewill offering scheme, to which every member of the Church was expected to contribute according to his means for the support of the clergy and the upkeep of buildings and of services.

Very often the payments were made, as in the old days in England, not in money, but in kind. Here at home the farmer used to bring his tenth sheaf to the tithe barn and to drive his tenth pig into the parson's yard, but in Newfoundland the freewill offering was of fish. When the fishing fleets came home, the clergy would go to meet the members of their own congregation and would receive their rather smelly collection, which would be sent off to the merchants, who valued it and paid the price to the Church Society.

It was the same when the sealing boats came in at the end of the winter, only in this case the payment was made in money. The clergy would go on board and look up their own people among the crew, asking each to pay according to the luck his boat had had and his own share in the cargo.

So that the state of Church finance depended almost entirely upon the weather and the fishing season. It certainly taught people to know their utter dependence upon a Power above and beyond their own skill and foresight, so that, to-day, as when He walked in Galilee, our Lord finds some of the truest and simplest of His followers among the fisher folk. But also their uncertain earnings were apt to make the Newfoundlanders rash and thriftless. For one thing, they usually had to buy their stores for the season on credit, with promise of payment when the boats came in, and the merchants, knowing their prospects to be very uncertain, charged exorbitant prices for everything, making the honest people pay for the bad debts. All this made it very difficult to get the finances of a poor Colonial Church on to a sound footing, but the Bishop stuck steadily to his teaching that if Church privileges are worth having they are worth paying for, and taught the difficult

lesson so well that the Church of Newfoundland has always been one of the strongest in self-support of the Colonial Churches.

The very year after the Cathedral and a great part of the city of St. John's had been destroyed by fire, the Bishop, who had been himself to England to ask for help for his homeless people, suggested that the S.P.G. grant to the Diocese should be cut down one-half—his own salary included—that the laity might learn the clear duty of supporting their clergy. If the laity failed to find the money the clergy went short, or if there was a bad season when the ice came back after the spring thaw and smashed the boats under the very feet of the crew, or if the sealing or the fishing failed and the merchants were not paid, they all went short together, but the Bishop, who certainly suffered with the rest, considered it worth while.

The Diocese of Newfoundland is so much associated in our minds with ice and snow that it is strange to remember that Bishop Feild was responsible also for a very different bit of country, the Bermudas, or Somers islands, twelve hundred miles to the southward. It certainly seemed an odd arrangement, this little group of hot fertile islands, only twenty-five miles from end to end, tacked on to the far away coast of icebergs and fogs and huge distances. The Bishop's plan was to visit Bermuda every other winter and to stay there until April, learning to understand the needs of all sorts of people, the soldiers in the garrison town, the criminals in the convict ships, and the negroes, perhaps the most helpless of all, because they were newly freed slaves who had not learnt to use their liberty and had no property, unless it were gaudy Sunday clothes, to make them feel responsible.

The winter sunshine, after Newfoundland fogs, was pleasant enough when you got there, but it

meant two long dangerous journeys at the worst seasons of the year, and Bishop Feild grudged the long time spent at sea without the chance of calling on any of his people. Once he was delayed so long in starting that he spent Christmas Day on board, anything but a cheerful festival, for all the other passengers were much too seasick to put a nose outside their cabins, and, as it was too rough to do any cooking, the Bishop's Christmas dinner consisted of a bit of ham and a biscuit. But he went through the Service by himself and even sang the Christmas hymns, with many a thought of his dear old country church in England, and the voices of his friends and neighbours telling how "Shepherds watched their flocks by night."

After nearly five and twenty years of hard work he had to say good-bye to his beloved "little bird," the Church Ship *Hawk*. His friends declared that he was never quite so happy as when pacing up and down her deck on a visitation tour, humming softly to himself one of his favourite psalms, the thirty-fourth, with its happy assurance of the angels on guard round about God's people, or the fifteenth, which gives the portrait of the man "who doeth the thing that is right and speaketh the truth from his heart"—a perfect description of himself—though in his humility he would never have dreamed of it.

But the *Hawk's* days for such risky voyages were over, and the Bishop had to bear the pang of seeing her sold for a trading vessel and to thank the good friends in England who collected the money for a new vessel, the *Star*. But the new ship was to have no such record as the old one. Only two years later she was wrecked on the south coast, mercifully without loss of life, though it was only with the greatest difficulty that those on board were saved.

It was a blow indeed to the Bishop and the Diocese, especially as the ship was not fully insured, but good friends came forward with help, and one man in particular met the need with a truly royal gift.

Among the troops stationed at Bermuda during one of Bishop Feild's winter visits was a young officer of engineers named Joseph Curling. He and the Bishop were kindred spirits, for Mr. Curling loved and understood a ship, and, being a rich man, could afford to indulge his taste and to give himself and his friends delightful trips on his own yacht, the *Lavrock*. This yacht he fitted up with everything that could make her a valuable Church Ship, and, sailing her himself across the Atlantic, handed her over to the Bishop as a gift to the Diocese.

That year, 1872, was the first occasion of the St. Andrew's-tide intercession for the work of the Church abroad. The prayers of that day brought several fresh recruits to Newfoundland, and, among others, it brought Mr. Curling. He left the army and came out to St. John's to prepare for ordination, and to offer himself for a life far harder and more dangerous than anything he had known as a soldier.

How he lived and worked at a wild place called Bay of Islands; how he amazed his fishermen flock by a knowledge of seamanship quite equal to their own; how he helped them to build a beautiful church; how he went with his life in his hand, by sea and snow and ice to his scattered people, and earned the name of being never late for an appointment, all these things have been told elsewhere and make a story far too long to be given here, but it is good to think of the Bishop having this joy and help at the end of his long ministry.

He was an old man now, over seventy, and had been given a coadjutor to help him in his distant

visitations. He had been married for some years to the widow of his good friend, Mr. Mountain, and he wrote home that both his helpers were the best that could be found. But he had no notion of sparing himself, and he was delighted to have the opportunity of taking duty for one of his clergy, Mr. Harvey, who was temporarily invalided, at a place called Port De Grave.

The parish was about sixty miles from St. John's, and thither he and Mrs. Feild went in February, the coldest month in Newfoundland, on one of the coldest days. A priest, at whose house they put up for the night on the way, never dreamed that they could arrive in such weather, but just as his own church bell was ringing for seven o'clock evensong, the sleigh-bells came jingling over the snow and the Bishop and Mrs. Feild drove up to the door. Their host hurried out to meet his half-frozen visitors and brought them into tea, begging them to get warm while he went to take the service, but the Bishop would not hear of staying behind, and following a lantern carried by one of the men to show the most slippery places, he joined the little congregation at their evensong. The next day he hurried on in the same wild weather to be in time for Sunday duty at Port De Grave and at another place with the alarming name of Bare Need.

Bare Need it was indeed on that February Sunday, for the church had no fire in it at all! It was the longest, coldest winter remembered by anyone in Newfoundland, but from February to April the people of Port De Grave, sick and well, were visited in all weathers and at all hours. A young deacon who had come out from England to help at Bare Need complained that he never got the chance of sparing the Bishop, who was sure to turn up in the worst of

weather, saying that he was getting so old and useless that he had no need to take precautions which were right for younger men.

It was the old personal parish work which he had loved in his younger days, and he loved it still, and loved to have Mr. Harvey's little children about him and to sing to them old-fashioned nursery rhymes.

But he was at the end of his work. He signed himself a few months later, "A Colonial Bishop, used up," and in the following year he wrote from Bermuda resigning the Bishopric. He had hoped to die as the Bishop of Newfoundland and he was not disappointed, for his resignation was to have taken effect in July, 1876, and the end came in June, after thirty-three years of such gallant service as sets the name of Edward Feild high among England's western pioneers.

“FATHER PAT.”

It is nearly a hundred years since Bishop George Mountain began his pioneer work among the scattered settlers who were building up new homes in Canada. Yet we find the clergy of the Canadian Church doing the same adventurous work in our own day.

This will not surprise anyone who has studied the map and measured the size of the great Dominion. How many people realize that the distance from Halifax on the east to Vancouver on the west is more than the distance from Halifax to Liverpool; that if you are travelling to British Columbia, the crossing of the Atlantic does not cover a half of your journey?

In the days of Bishop Stewart and Bishop Mountain, Western Canada was still the Great Lone Land of the Indians, where the only white men were the hunters and the trappers of the Hudson Bay Company.

By degrees the pioneers of the last century found out the wonderful resources of the great country, the wheat-growing land of the prairies, the wonderful timber forests, and the wealth of the mines. But it is not of much use to produce goods for sale if you have no means of sending them to market, therefore the great change in Western Canada can be spelt in three letters, very familiar to all who have anything to do with the Dominion—C.P.R.—the Canadian Pacific Railway. When Columbus and many and many a great adventurer hoisted sail and went toward the sunset, it was not to find a new continent—they stumbled upon America, as it were, in the way—but their aim was to discover a new route to the East. The search for the North-West passage went on

almost into our own days. Then men, just as adventurous in another way, solved the problem by that marvellous line which runs across prairie and forest, through and over the Rocky Mountains from coast to coast, from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to Vancouver.

All along the line the little ugly townships sprang up, and from it men pushed out into the country, farming, ranching, lumbering, and mining. A rough life to begin with, where men must run heavy risks in the hope of good returns, and if these newcomers were to be held for the Church, it must be by men as adventurous as themselves.

In 1885 there came out to Kamloops, in the Diocese of New Westminster, a young Irishman, the Rev. Henry Irwin, long to be remembered in the country as "Father Pat." He was only six and twenty and had been for two years curate at Rugby, rather a contrast to this Colonial town, with its rough mixed population, where men stayed on their way to register for the mines, staking all they had upon the uncertain luck of a new country. The hardest, roughest, and yet best-hearted fellows alive. That was how the young Irish priest summed up his new parishioners in a letter home. He had meant as a small boy to be a missionary and he had certainly found the work that suited him.

He was an open-air man, bred from boyhood to the saddle, a very necessary thing for a priest whose district had to be covered by trips of three hundred to five hundred miles on horseback. A man, too, who, if the moment came for fighting, knew how to do it scientifically. Better still was his power of recognizing the diamond when it was very much in the rough, of getting the best work out of unlikely people, of taking men by the right end and finding a spark of nobleness which they kept covered up from the sight of the rest of the world.

Kamloops itself was a queer place, close to beautiful country in one direction, while on the other was a dull, sandy plain with little ups and downs like toy mountains and villages, dotted about with stunted fir trees. There was no church; the services were held in the court house. "There isn't any comfort here," Mr. Irwin said once, and he was not a man who wanted luxury. He was immensely grateful when his family sent him out a respectable suit of clothes, for ready-made garments of the Kamloops cut were not at all ornamental, and he had knocked out his last suit after three hundred miles in the saddle and had to fall back on the miner's overalls, "striped liked a zebra and cut like a sailor's pantaloons."

His people were scattered on lonely ranches and in mining camps, and the way lay sometimes through dense forests, with an Indian for guide or following the trail marked by the camp fires of other travellers. Sometimes it meant a thirty or forty-mile tramp on foot, with saddle-bags slung on chest and back, not particularly helpful when a deep creek had to be crossed on a slippery log, or when the road lay up and down steep hill-sides with perhaps a coating of ice over the rock.

He made himself at home in the mining camps among men of every sort and kind, who in England had followed every variety of trade and profession, yet who were all gathered there with but a single idea—gold. They entertained Father Pat to supper and he gave them services, and heard plenty of queer stories and made many friends and brought a little bit of home into a very unhomely place.

After two years at Kamloops Mr. Irwin moved to a town called Donald, close to the Rocky Mountains. It was a true railway town, which came into existence as a dwelling-place for the workers on the Canadian

Pacific Railway and was left to fall to pieces when they needed it no longer. A little ugly wooden town, but among the glories of rocky heights and in winter the solemn wonder of snowy peaks. Father Pat, writing home about the great snow slides when the avalanches come crashing down with a roar like big guns from the mountain side, said that no place can give you a better idea of the power of nature and the powerlessness of man. But thinking of that marvellous line, climbing over and tunnelling through the great chain of hills, we feel that there is more than this to be said, that man, whom God sent into His wonderful world to replenish and to subdue it, is doing here the work to which he was called, doing it gallantly, too, against heavy odds and at the cost, often enough, of life and limb.

It was these fearless railway workers who were Father Pat's new parishioners, and they found in him a man as fearless as themselves. One particular adventure which he shared with them was talked of for many a day afterwards.

In March, 1887, a terrible snow slide, from a height called Mount Carrol, in the Selkirks, came down upon the railway track. Two engines and a snow-plough were overwhelmed, six men were killed on the spot, and ten more were buried in the snow and were dug out by their comrades, who worked in peril of their lives, for avalanches were rushing down continually from the heights around. The man who had been in charge of the snow-plough came from Donald, and Mr. Irwin had the hard task of breaking to his wife the news that her husband was among the dead. The poor woman in her grief clung to the one longing that her husband's body might be reverently laid to rest, and Mr. Irwin, to comfort her, promised that he himself would go to the scene of the accident and bring it to Donald.

He started up the line with a party of men, from a place among the hills called Bear Creek, as toilsome and perilous an expedition as could well be imagined. Parts of the line were protected by roofs called snow-sheds, and along the gaps between the sheds the party ran as best they might, two or three hundred yards of the worst possible going over deep snow and among trees, with the rumble of avalanches above them and the prospect any moment of being caught by a mass of snow travelling at terrific speed. The whole thing was oddly like a battlefield; the distant roar and the puffs of fine smoky snow before the crash which meant certain death, for the freezing mass was crushed so close in the fall that only gun-powder could clear the track.

They reached the scene of the accident, where the snow lay piled up a hundred feet upon the track and the engines were heaped in the chasm below, and then, carrying the body of Mr. Green, the Donald man, they had to take the perilous way again; surely, said Father Pat, the strangest funeral procession that ever passed. Even when Bear Creek was reached there was a further journey of twenty-eight miles to Donald, and this Mr. Irwin managed the next day, a Sunday, getting eighteen men, in gangs of six, to help him haul the toboggan on which the coffin had been placed, until they reached the point on the line where it was possible for engines to plough a way through the snow. It was midnight when the journey's end was reached, the "hardest Sunday's work I ever did," wrote Father Pat, and the poor widow was not likely to forget the man who had given her the sad comfort of laying her husband's body in holy ground.

All through the rough and sometimes dangerous days in the railway town among the mountains, the young priest had before him the hope of a great joy to come, the prospect of a home of his own and

of someone to make it beautiful and homelike. It doesn't really follow because a man loves an adventurous life and can be very happy with rough, unconventional people that he cares nothing at all for comfort and refinement and beautiful things and gentle manners. Here and there in Mr. Irwin's letters home, that side of him peeps out, and the lady to whom he had given his heart was in the very best sense of the word a "gentlewoman," bred up among the hardships of colonial life, but a real home-maker. Her name was Frances Innes, and she met her future husband at Kamloops, her elder sister being married to one of the clergy who worked in the district.

Four years the two waited and worked with the hope of that home before them, and then they were married in 1890, while Mr. Irwin was acting as chaplain to Bishop Sillitoe, of New Westminster. One year of great happiness they spent together—just one year, very good to look back upon—and then Father Pat's home life came to an end, and Mrs. Irwin's body was laid to rest in the churchyard at New Westminster with her little baby beside her. We dare not think of what the break meant to her husband. He was not a man to talk about himself, but his love and loss seemed to have taught him a most wonderful tenderness for all trouble, for people who were sad, or poor, or out of the way.

For the next few years he lived with the Bishop and Mrs. Sillitoe, who treated him like a son. He paid two visits home, the second time to see his father, who was dangerously ill and died soon afterwards. After that he stayed and worked for a while in England and Ireland, but his heart was in the country where he had known his great happiness and his great grief, and he longed for real hard work as the only thing that could fill in any way the great

gap in his life. So in 1896 he offered himself again for work in British Columbia, pioneer work in a hard place.

A hard place it certainly was to which he found himself appointed, a mining town called Rossland, in that part of the Diocese of New Westminster which has now been separated under the name of Kootenay. In the Kamloops days he had always loved the miners and here he was in the midst of them, people of every nation and of every sort of education, people who made big fortunes and went home to buy estates and to make a stir in the rich world, and people who lost their last penny and were grateful to a neighbour for the next meal. Father Pat gave himself to them, body and soul, with what one writer who has told his story calls "reckless self-sacrifice." The remaining years of his life seemed to be just one great giving of everything he had to give.

The ugly barn of a building which was called St. George's Church, Rossland, had two quite fairly comfortable rooms underneath it, intended for the priest in charge. Father Pat settled himself there when he first arrived, but soon decided that they were just what was wanted for a library and reading-room, a place where anybody and everybody was welcome to a comfortable chair, a book or a newspaper, and a peaceful smoke. Besides, it was a possible lodging for some sick or homeless waif who wanted time to pull himself together and start again. As for the parson himself, a wooden shack at the top of a mud-bank close by did quite well for him, and even there he could find room for a guest who happened to be down on his luck. It was the same with food and clothes, with everything that he possessed, he simply could not keep anything for himself.

"Father Pat, what has become of that coat?" asked a parishioner who had actually joined with a few friends

and begged the parson to accept a new warm coat in place of the worn, faded garment which was almost to pieces.

Father Pat looked thoroughly guilty. "What could I do?" he protested; "the poor chap hadn't a top-coat to cover him this bitter weather."

"Well, why not give him the old one?"

"Well, I couldn't very well do that, could I? And it does quite well for me."

If anyone could have overheard the talks that went on among the tobacco smoke in the reading-room or by the stove in the parson's wooden shack, he would have had material for plenty of novels. Men came there talking the careless slang which everybody spoke, which covered up their real selves and their past lives, and presently they found themselves telling about home and old days in the English of the old country, owning up to sins and failures, tragedies and disappointments, the stories of which had never been breathed to any living soul; getting courage from this kindly, understanding friend to face the future bravely and to do better. It was the wonderful mixture of strength and tenderness which won people's hearts.

"Good-bye, Father Pat," said a dying lad to the friend who stood by his bedside.

"Not good-bye," was the answer, "I'm not going anywhere else. I'll say good night, if you like, and we'll say good morning on the other side of the divide."

On the way to another sick bed, three of the roughest men barred his road with abuse and bad language. Suddenly, first one and then a second found himself picked off his horse and thrown on one side, the parson going quickly on to his job. This was a score to be paid later, and on his way home he found the three on the look out for him.

"Fair play," said the Irishman, "I'll fight you one at a time."

The miners agreed, and their friends, in much delight, formed a ring to enjoy the entertainment. But Father Pat, like William Wallace in the old Scottish ballad, knocked out the first two and "asked if there were any more." There were not any more, for number three was in full flight rather than face the fist of this most terrible parson, who then proceeded to bathe and bandage his victims.

"You can say what you like about me, but don't insult my Master," he exclaimed once, turning hotly upon a huge miner who was using evil language about Christ and Christianity. The great bully, who was partly drunk, invited the parson to fight, and in a very short time was lying stunned on the floor. Of course, it was his opponent who set to work at once to restore him and to bathe his damaged face, crying out with sudden compunction—

"May God forgive me for not telling this poor man that I was a champion boxer at Oxford!"

He could play with his men as thoroughly as he could fight with them, and one Sunday had to apologize in church for a pair of black eyes given him at football the day before.

He was still the travelling parson, out continually on long trips in the saddle or on foot, visiting mining camps and outlying stations, getting a thorough knowledge of the country and its needs so that he could report to the Bishop where a church was wanted and where a new worker should be placed. One of his colleagues, a married man who came with his wife and family to work in the country, loved to tell the story of Father Pat's welcome and help in the early days. He asked the newcomer to take charge of the Rossland congregation for a few days while he went on tour round the neighbourhood, a thing he had been wanting to do for a long time. As a matter of fact he was doing some prospecting for the stranger, who was

going to work in that district. He came back with all sorts of useful information about places and people; knew who would be helpful, and who would be cantankerous and must be wisely dealt with—anything that could smooth the way and serve as signpost to the man who was going to take charge. And until the new home was ready, the missionary's wife and children were safe at Rossland under Father Pat's care.

Meanwhile, he had taught his people to want something better than their barn-like church, and money was coming in for a better one. Everything, as he proudly said, from reredos to altar cloth, had been made by the people themselves, and they had learnt to appreciate the glory and the beauty of a reverent service in a fitting building. But Father Pat himself was moving on again into the wilderness. The Bishop would have liked him to take a rather easier post, but he protested that pioneering was his work, and he was transferred to Fairview, another mining district very much in the wilds.

"I am always glad to be in hard places," he wrote, and hard indeed this place was, for business was bad and his congregation had little enough to spare for their parson.

"I have lots of good friends who are too kind to me," he said cheerily, but when the winter came and the thermometer went below zero it was not easy to live. He kept up his long rounds in the country where tracks were not; where the rider must cut his way among the boughs to give his horse a hole through which he can crawl; where he was thankful enough to come at nightfall upon two old Rossland friends with their tent pitched among the mountains, as thankful as they were to see him, for they had used their last match and wanted a fire badly.

But the ceaseless work and the hard living were beginning to tell upon even his iron frame, and he yielded at last to the Bishop's desire that he should take a holiday with his own people in Ireland. He had planned what he would do when he came back—there was work wanted among the lonely cattle ranches, far away from any town or possibility of church service. Only a man willing to live in the saddle could possibly undertake it; he would get a change and a rest and come back for that.

So in the winter of 1902 he set his face homeward. What actually happened we shall probably never know. It seems as if he had left the train some way short of Montreal and started to walk the rest of the way.

Was it the old longing for lonely places, for the open country, where he used to say you could come so near to God?

His knowledge of Canada must have taught him that the country round Montreal, where the winter cold is much more intense than in British Columbia, is not a place to spend a January night under the stars. It almost seems as if over-work and privation had begun to cloud the clear intellect. Be that as it may, he was found in the early morning by a farmer who was driving into Montreal and noticed a man trying painfully to drag himself along the hard frozen road. In answer to the farmer's kindly questioning he said he was in no pain, though his legs were numbed. But the Canadian, guessing what had happened, drove him at once to a doctor and from thence to the hospital. His feet were fearfully frost-bitten, and the nurses knew only too well the suffering that must follow.

To the questions of the Sister-in-charge Father Pat gave his name as William Henry, and he was full of cheery talk, courteous, and grateful for all that was

done for him, though he turned aside all questions about himself and his journey. As he grew worse the Sister Superior, who suspected that he had not given his full name, pressed him gently to let them know where he came from, and, after joking her a little about women's curiosity, he asked to see the doctor attached to the hospital. To him he told his name and, giving him a sealed packet of letters, made him first promise to keep the secret until after his death. It seems as if he wanted to avoid the fuss made over himself which he always disliked, or meant to spare the many friends who would have gathered at once had they known of his illness.

Through the terrible suffering of the days that followed, the doctor and Sisters did all that was possible for him, and Mr. Woods, one of the Montreal clergy, was often with him. He was just what he had always been, cheery, considerate, always wanting to spare other people, ready to bear any pain or discomfort rather than call a tired nurse to wait upon him.

So, turning to the last a brave face to the world, selfless, kindly, courageous as ever, Father Pat went home.

* * * *

In the main street of the town of Rossland there stands a monument which serves as a drinking fountain, and also holds aloft a street lamp. It was a happy thought of those who loved him to raise such a memorial to Father Pat. To many and many a stranger and a wanderer this homeless man stood for the light and warmth and cheer of home, and his giving was as the giving of God's own water-springs, pouring themselves out, free and generous and unstinted, for the thirsty and weary passers-by.

PIONEERS IN AUSTRALIA
AND NEW ZEALAND.

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SAMUEL MARSDEN.

"One who never feared the face of man."

IN the year 1792 a Cambridge undergraduate, who was preparing for ordination, was offered the post of chaplain in His Majesty's territory of New South Wales. The young man's friends and relations seem to have looked upon the appointment as most attractive and the offer as a very flattering one to an unknown student, and he himself declined it at first, as being quite unworthy of such an honour.

As we look back a hundred and thirty years and consider what New South Wales was in those days, we are inclined to think that the Government must surely have found some difficulty in getting anyone to take over so very difficult and unpleasant an office. For the post offered to Mr. Samuel Marsden, the Cambridge undergraduate, was that of chaplain to the convicts, who were being transported to New South Wales rather as rubbish is dumped on to waste ground, to get it out of the way. Perhaps the English Government in those days of transportation believed, as some people still believe, that to put people into a fresh place is a certain way of making them turn over a new leaf, yet even then it is rather difficult to see how anyone who considered the question seriously could think that either the convicts or the colony were being given much of a chance.

There were just a few men, however, who did understand and care about the convicts who went out to Australia in the year 1787; who realized that for every one of those seven hundred and fifty-seven people, the Good Shepherd had given His life. Chief

among the few who cared was William Wilberforce, the man who for nineteen years fought the iniquity of the slave trade.

It was thanks to him and to one or two like-minded friends that, at the last moment, a chaplain was sent with the first convoy, and if ever a man undertook a heavy task, that man was the Rev. Richard Johnson, the first English clergyman in Australia.

Poor Mr. Johnson! People shake their heads nowadays and say that he was not the man for the job. He certainly had not the push and energy of the born pioneer; he probably did not know how to deal with his wild congregation, and did not make much impression upon them. It must be difficult for anybody to talk about the Love of God to people who are driven to service on Sunday by armed troops, and, if they stay away, punished by having two pounds of flour knocked off their weekly food ration. All honour to Mr. Johnson that he stuck to the work as long as he did, and was still there when Samuel Marsden arrived at Sydney in 1798.

Marsden was quite a different sort of man. He came of tough Yorkshire farming folk, long-headed and determined. There are portraits of him, funny old-fashioned pictures, not very attractive. He wore stiff, old-fashioned clothes and talked in stilted language, and his sermons would probably be considered rather dull, but for sheer dauntless courage it would be very difficult to find his equal. Where he believed that God was sending him, there he went, and the thing that he believed to be the will of God for him, that thing he did, without the smallest regard for the consequences.

The voyage out took more than six months, and anyone who knows what prisons were in those days can form an idea of the state of the convict ship and of the sort of thing that went on there. On the first

Sunday Mr. Marsden asked permission to have service on board, but the Captain replied that such a thing had never happened before, and he did not think it would answer, but he would consider it next Sunday. Next Sunday he had apparently considered it and decided against it, but the sturdy Yorkshireman was not to be beaten. The whole convoy consisted of four ships, and the captains of the other three came to dinner on the following Sunday. Mr. Marsden spoke to one of them about a service and he agreed at once, and prevailed upon the captain of Mr. Marsden's vessel to do the same.

It was March, and the convoy had been three months without a sight of land when they landed at beautiful Sydney, or, as they called it then, Port Jackson. Mr. Marsden's quarters were at Parramatta, about fifteen miles from Sydney, and he had for a few years the help of Mr. Johnson, the first chaplain. When he returned to England, after thirteen years of uphill work with very little success to encourage him, Mr. Marsden was single-handed.

It was a difficult post indeed, with a community of convicts of every kind and degree, for there was not much trouble taken in those days "to make the punishment fit the crime," and first offenders, with a petty theft against them, were mixed up with hardened criminals, guilty of serious offences. Sometimes a party of the most violent and reckless would escape into the Bush, and live for a while by robbery and violence. In the wild country it was not easy to catch them and it was very difficult to convict offenders when they were caught, as they had plenty of friends among their old associates, and a jury of ex-convicts was not always to be depended upon for a true verdict.

One thing that added immensely to Mr. Marsden's difficulties was that he was made a magistrate, and

was not allowed to resign that office without also resigning his post as chaplain. It was not an easy thing to fill both positions well, to be absolutely just on the bench without setting against him the very people whose confidence he wanted to win. On the other hand, he soon found himself thoroughly unpopular with his fellow magistrates, who were not always so fair as they might have been, and who objected to Mr. Marsden's brave attacks on all sorts of abuses; the housing of the poor women who worked in a new Government factory; and the ill-treatment of the native Australian blacks, whose country Englishmen were occupying.

Many of the convicts were by this time settled on land allotted to them by the Government, and some were making money and doing well, and the news of the beautiful, fertile land, with its tremendous possibilities and its great tracts of unoccupied territory, was bringing other settlers out on their own account, and, as may be imagined, they did not always hit it off happily with the convicts. The free settlers did not want to associate with people who had been sent out from prison, and the convicts on their part made the very most of having been first in the field. They were beginning to know the country, and they also found it far easier to get labourers from among their old companions, who preferred working for them to engaging themselves with the new-comers.

So that to hold the balance fairly between these different classes in the new country was anything but easy, and Mr. Marsden soon had plenty of enemies who slandered him to those in authority.

One complaint that people were fond of making against him was that he was using his office to enrich himself as a land-owner.

As a matter of fact he was doing a very valuable piece of work for the colony, having received, with

every other government officer, a grant of a hundred acres and thirteen convicts as labourers. The great need of those early days was to get the land cleared and cultivated, and Mr. Marsden, bred as he was among farming folk, soon saw what might be made of the fertile ground and splendid grazing land. It was ridiculous indeed that people in New South Wales should have to be fed from England, and should be, as they were when he arrived, actually very short of food. We may be sure that his own men thought none the worse of their farmer chaplain because he could, and did, take axe or spade in hand and show them the best way to work; but, as a matter of fact, he was able after a while to leave the management in the hands of a good bailiff, a convict who, by his help, had made good in a new country. For the business part of the farming he could trust his wife, whom he had married just before he sailed for Australia.

They had great sorrow to bear together in those first years. Perhaps the new country was the more completely home to them both because it held two little graves. Their first baby, a girl, was born on the voyage out, and was none the worse for a stormy start in the world, but a bonny little boy, just turned two years, was killed by a fall from the gig in which his mother was driving over the rough, half-made roads. A sudden jerk flung the little one out of her arms and he was picked up dead. Even sadder was the death of another little son, toddling about the house and tumbling into a pan of boiling water left uncovered in the kitchen. The sharing of these two terrible sorrows must have drawn the chaplain and his wife very near to each other, and it is clear that she was a brave-hearted woman, worthy of the brave man she had wedded.

When, after fourteen years in the colony, they paid a visit to the home country, the boat in which they sailed was discovered to be leaky. There was a prospect of rough weather, and the passengers were offered the chance of being transferred to another more seaworthy ship which formed one of the fleet. But Mrs. Marsden was nursing the wife of the Governor of New South Wales, who was on board their boat and too ill to move, and she and her husband decided to stay where they were. As it happened, her unselfish choice saved both their lives; the expected storm came down that night and the leaky boat rode it out safely. The other was never seen again; she must have foundered in the gale and gone down with all on board.

Mr. Marsden's business in England was mainly with the Government. New South Wales was growing now from a convict settlement into a colony, and all those puzzles and difficulties were arising which belong to the beginnings of big things. It was no longer possible for the country to be ruled by the Governor as a sort of big national prison. Rebellions were constantly breaking out, and the people, who ought to have been self-supporting, were costing the home country far too much in food and clothing.

The Government realized that the chaplain who had gone out a young man, with very little knowledge of the world outside Yorkshire and Cambridge, was returning as a leader of experience and capacity, with a very clear idea of the needs of his adopted country; a man, too, who would speak his mind quite frankly, without fear or favour. He wanted many things for his fellow colonists, and he got most of them. He saw that the people must have every chance to make a real home in the new land, and to build up that home life which is the foundation of a great country. He wanted more clergy and good schoolmasters, and

he wanted those who could teach the people trades, good artisans and mechanics and farmers.

He picked them out himself, going to his native north for the right men, who would adapt themselves to the new surroundings, and he also took specimens of the wool from his own sheep to the Leeds factories and was very pleased at the favourable report he got of it. He had an interview with the King, and made bold to beg for a couple of sheep from the Royal farm to improve his breed. He got not only two, but, to his great satisfaction, five sheep, and it is rather amusing, when we think of what the Australian export of wool has become nowadays, to read of his anxiety that the colonists should be able to produce the wool for their own clothes instead of getting all their garments from England. Probably the King's five poor sheep had an uncomfortable voyage enough, and they never had the pleasure of knowing how we should all rush to Wembley to study their descendants.

It is good to know that, amidst all this public business, the good chaplain never forgot the concerns of individual people. He had come home laden with letters and messages to friends and relations of his congregation, for in those days, when steamboats and telegrams were not, Australia was a very far away place indeed, and news travelled slowly enough. Even when Mr. Marsden and his postbag arrived in England, many of the letters in his charge had still the sea to cross. Among the convicts sent to New South Wales were a number of political prisoners, Irishmen taken in the fierce rebellion of 1798 and condemned as traitors either to death or transportation. There was no penny post to Ireland, or indeed to anywhere else in those days, and many a guinea of his own did the chaplain spend in forwarding letters to poor folk across the Irish Channel hungering for news of the lads whom they might never see again.

It was during this visit to England that Mr. Marsden actually began the work which is chiefly connected with his name.

Twelve hundred miles east of Australia lies New Zealand, the beautiful land of which Englishmen then knew hardly anything. The South Sea whalers put in there from time to time in search of fresh water, and some enterprising folk among the native Maoris had shipped on board such boats and come across to Sydney, where Mr. Marsden had welcomed them at his house at Parramatta. While he was in England he consulted with the Church Missionary Society about the possibility of sending teachers to these fine, wild people, and as no priest was prepared to volunteer, he took back with him to Australia two laymen, with the idea of sending them on from New South Wales to New Zealand.

One day during the voyage, as he was walking in the fore-castle of the ship among the sailors, he noticed a dark-skinned man, quite plainly a foreigner, huddled together in an old coat, looking miserably ill and with a terrible cough. Mr. Marsden asked his name and found that the man was a Maori, called Duaterra, and, in his own country, a chief. Evidently he was born with what the Germans call a drop of "wandering blood" in his veins, and in his keen desire to see the world he had twice shipped on board a British vessel, for the sake of the voyage. The meanness of his first captain, who left him behind, alone and friendless, in Sydney, without any payment, and his sufferings in a later voyage, when he was very nearly starved on a sealing expedition, failed to discourage him, and he shipped again for England, with a promise that he should see the great King George. But again his captain played him false; he was put off by assurances that King George could not be seen and that no one knew his house. The poor chief's visit to England

ended in a fortnight on board ship at London Bridge, with hardly a sight of the wonders of the great city; the rough sailors ill-treated him, and the captain finally put him, without payment, on a ship bound for Australia.

That change of ship was to make all the difference to the future of Duaterra himself and of his country, for Mr. Marsden took the friendless Maori under his protection. Thanks to his new friend's care, he was quite recovered by the time the ship reached Sydney, and Mr. Marsden took him to his home, that he might take the opportunity of learning about conditions in New Zealand. Duaterra was tremendously interested in the white man's ways of farming, and, when he returned home, went with the determination to introduce wonderful agricultural improvements among his own people. He certainly was not lucky in his ships, for the captain again played him false and took him past his own home and on to Norfolk Island, and he had to come back to Mr. Marsden and start fair again before he finally arrived, bringing with him a treasure and a wonder, the first wheat ever sown in New Zealand.

We can fancy how his countrymen listened, open-eyed, to the amazing story of how the patch of golden grain which Duaterra raised from his seed could be turned into the bread and biscuits which they had seen on English ships. Duaterra reaped his wheat and threshed it, and then came a hitch—he had no means of grinding it. He waited and considered, and his people waited and began to be doubtful, and then, just in the nick of time, a boat arrived in the bay, the brig *Active*, Mr. Marsden's own property, which he had bought for missionary work. Two English missionaries were on board, bringing messages from Mr. Marsden, commending them to the kindness and hospitality of his friend, Duaterra, and bringing also

among other presents the thing most wanted at the moment, a little hand-mill. So the first flour was ground in New Zealand, and the first cake baked there and then, and Duaterra's friends and kindred were ready to accept anything he liked to tell them of the wonderful powers of the white visitors, and to listen to the message they came to bring.

Mr. Marsden was not with them as he had hoped to be; he had been forbidden by the Governor to go to New Zealand at present, for an ugly story had reached Sydney of the crew and passengers of the English ship *Boyd*, murdered and eaten by the Maoris. As usual, it was an act of revenge for a wrong done. Another Maori chief had taken passage on an English vessel and had been cheated and ill-used by the crew. He was a less forgiving man than Duaterra, and he nursed his wrong and bided his time until another boat came in, and then led his fierce people to attack and kill all on board. It was reasonable enough that the Government chaplain should be forbidden to risk a visit to the same place, but thanks to Duaterra, and perhaps to the little hand-mill, the two missionaries returned safely to report, bringing with them Duaterra himself and also his uncle, the most powerful chief in New Zealand, on a visit to Sydney.

When the Maori chiefs returned home, three months later, Mr. Marsden went with them. He had leave of absence for the purpose from the Government, who sent a present of some cattle to the Maoris, but in the meanwhile his countrymen had made the situation as dangerous as it could well be. An English crew had taken revenge for the massacre of the people from the *Boyd* by killing a chief who had had nothing to do with the affair, together with all his family. His people accused Duaterra's tribe of having aided and abetted the white men, and there was actually war going on when the *Active* and her party arrived. Mr.

Marsden's name was a passport with Duaterra's people, who welcomed him readily, but he was determined to show that he wanted to be the friend of all the Maori people, not the ally of one tribe, so he and one companion, Mr. Nicholas, went straight to the enemies' camp and explained that they had come as peace-makers. They actually passed the night there, lying down unarmed under the stars of a still clear night, the sound of the sea in their ears, and the Maori cannibals lying round about them, with their war spears stuck in the ground beside them. In the morning the Englishmen invited the chiefs to breakfast on board the *Active*, and they, not to be outdone in trustfulness, accepted readily, and even rubbed noses, the Maori token of friendliness, with Duaterra and the other chiefs with whom they had been fighting.

A few days later, on Christmas Day, the first Christian service was held. Duaterra had been busy the day before, arranging what he considered the nearest approach to a church, a fenced space with seats made out of old canoes, and a pulpit and reading desk draped either with black native cloth or with some white duck which he had bought in Sydney. Those were not the days of beautiful church furnishings, and doubtless Duaterra was copying what he had seen in Australia. At any rate it had, as Mr. Marsden said, "a solemn appearance," and there the natives gathered and listened, wondering, while the Christians sang the "Old Hundredth," and the missionary preached to them on the angel's Christmas message, "Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy."

Not a finger was raised against Mr. Marsden during the whole of his visit. At one time he made a voyage down the coast, when twenty-eight Maoris, all fully armed, sailed with him, his own crew numbering only seven. He paid with the most careful exactitude in

axes and tools, for everything he had from them, and when he purchased a piece of ground for the Mission, the deed of transfer was drawn up in proper legal language, the chief's signature being a copy of the tattoo marks on his face. So began the missionary work in New Zealand, which was so very near to Mr. Marsden's heart.

Again and again he visited those in charge of the work, going with his life in his hand into cannibal villages and among tribes at war. The story of those expeditions would fill a volume. Once he was shipwrecked and landed with a sick friend on an island, where the natives built them a hut of bulrushes and fed them on fish and potatoes. Another time he had to pass across the actual battlefield where the victorious tribe had held their cannibal feast on the bodies of their foes. He risked popularity with the Maoris by flatly refusing to pay them, for work or native produce, by giving them firearms and ammunition. There was harm enough done by that sort of barter; King George IV. had presented a Maori chief with a gun when he visited England; Mr. Marsden had found some of his own missionary workers yielding to the natives' requests for muskets and powder, and it was hopeless to find fault with them for continual wars and then to give them the means of killing each other even more easily. Mr. Marsden tried hard to get them to choose one chief as head and to acknowledge his authority, but there were too many old feuds and jealousies to be overcome, and he began to feel that the only hope of peace and unity must lie in what actually came to pass, the annexation of New Zealand as an English colony.

He paid his seventh and last visit to the country when he was over seventy, taking with him his youngest daughter; his wife had died two years before. There was still war in the land, but wherever Mr.

Marsden went his journey was like a triumphant progress, so ready were the people to show their love and respect for the man who was friend and father to their people. They carried him and his daughter from place to place in a chair or sort of litter borne on the shoulders of the native men, and the heathen people welcomed with dancing and firing of guns the man whom they had learnt to trust. He had the joy of seeing churches and schools springing up, and of finding a number of Maoris not only reading themselves, but keen to teach their neighbours. Many of them came for many miles just for the satisfaction of seeing his face, and would sit gazing at him in silence as if they realized that he was among them for the last time.

"I intend to return on the first opportunity," he wrote soon after his return to Sydney, but the opportunity never came.

"I can talk to New Zealanders; the Sydney people are getting too fine for me," he once remarked; but though the colony had changed indeed since the days of his coming out as a convict chaplain, his last years must have been very happy ones.

He had lived down the calumnies which had made the early years such hard ones, and had won the love and respect of many who had opposed him. His missionary work for New Zealand never made him neglect his own people. No parish was more thoroughly visited and cared for than was his at Parramatta. The man who walked fearlessly among armed cannibals loved nothing better than a game of blind man's buff on his own lawn with the Parramatta school children. His chaise and his good horse "Major" took him through the bush to outlying stations and lonely houses.

"To think of that white-haired old man coming seventeen miles to our child," said a father and

mother who had no particular liking for the clergy, but were won by his tenderness for their little sick girl.

True Yorkshireman that he was, he loved his horses. One of them, "Captain"—he seems to have had a fancy for military titles—was unmanageable by any but the master, but went like a lamb when his hand was on the rein.

In the last year of his life he and his daughter were stopped by two famous bushrangers, who relieved them of the contents of their pockets. Mr. Marsden, with the robber's pistol covering his heart, told the men exactly what he thought of them, and when they rode away, forbidding him on pain of death to look after them, he stood up in the chaise and warned them in the most vigorous terms that unless they changed their ways he would certainly meet them in the condemned cell in Sydney prison, which actually came to pass. It was perhaps not a very wise thing to do, but it does illustrate the absolute fearlessness of the old man and his determination to do the thing which, to his mind, wanted doing, without regard to consequences.

That a man of such integrity and courage should have been given to the Australian Church in the first difficult days is a blessing for which the colony may well thank God.

BISHOP BROUGHTON.

WE have been thinking about pioneers, trying to feel some of the thrills of starting new work in a new country, blazing the trail for those who come after. Have we ever tried to realize what it would be to live in a land with no past history of a white race or a Christian Church? A land with no institutions, no benefactors who endowed churches or founded schools and hospitals, no good traditions or healthy public opinion to help us to keep straight?

If we think this out we shall understand better what we in the home country owe to the past, and how great is the work of the man who blazes the trail in a new country with the thought of the distant future always in his mind.

Richard Johnson gave his faithful witness to the first wild colonists of New South Wales.

Stout-hearted Samuel Marsden stood up gallantly for justice and righteousness in the days when the country was growing from a penal settlement into a colony.

But, as one of his own clergy says, it was by William Broughton, the first Bishop, that the foundations of the Australian Church were well and truly laid.

William Broughton was a man who loved old traditions and associations. He was born under the very shadow of Westminster Abbey, and the home of his childhood was at Barnet, a picturesque country town in those days, before trams and buses linked it up with London. He got his education at the King's School at Canterbury, with the glorious cathedral, whose very stones are full of stories of St. Augustine and King Ethelbert, of Archbishop Lanfranc and Thomas à Becket, to teach him reverence and love.

William Broughton loved all those links with the past, and when he went to Pembroke College, Cambridge, he loved to remember the great names of those who had been there before him and to feel their call to carry on.

He was a scholar, and during the first few years after his ordination, while his work was in a quiet country parish in Hampshire, he did a good deal of writing. Perhaps that was the way in which he hoped and expected to serve the Church, in some country parish, with a few old-fashioned folk to visit, and long studious hours with his Greek and Hebrew. But he made an acquaintance during the time of his Hampshire curacy which changed all that, no less a person than the great Duke of Wellington, whose home at Strathfieldsaye was about a mile away. The Duke knew a capable man when he met one, and he did not forget Mr. Broughton when he left his first curacy and took other work at Farnham. He appointed him to be chaplain of the Tower of London, and, in the year 1829, sent to ask whether he would go out to Australia as Archdeacon of New South Wales. Mr. Broughton hesitated a little at first; it was a strange call certainly for the quiet student, with his love of old institutions and beautiful buildings, but he grew sure of his path as men do who really want to know their duty, and his mind was nearly made up when he went to talk things over with the Duke.

The great soldier and the country parson were not at all unlike. Both had the same reverence for authority, the same love for law and order, the same steady determination which carried out plans in the face of difficulties, the same considerate kindness covered by a rather stern manner. The Duke, in talking over the young struggling colony that was growing out of the first settlement of criminals, said emphatically, "They must have a Church." He

had put his finger upon the truth. They wanted the link with Christian folk at home and in the past, the great visible institution that would make a home of the new country.

Mr. Broughton told him that he had thought things over and felt that it was his duty to go to Australia, but the soldier bade him take another week to think about it.

"In my profession," he said, "when a man is told to go to the other side of the world there is no more to be said, and the best thing for him is to go to-morrow, but I don't desire that you should make up your mind quite so speedily. Stay with me to-night and then go home to-morrow and think about it, and let me know in a week's time."

Perhaps it was just Mr. Broughton's readiness to go where he was wanted without more talking about it that pleased the great man. At any rate the end of the week found him in the same mind, and to Australia he went, to do what the new community so sorely needed.

A pretty stiff task it was going to be, and the size of that first Archdeaconry makes one gasp.

It was, as Archdeacon Broughton himself said, as if he had one church at St. Albans, another in Denmark, another at Constantinople, and the Bishop's residence at Calcutta, where in fact it actually was, for Australia, as a Diocese, was supposed in those days to belong to India. We can see from this description that the settlements of Englishmen were spreading far beyond Sydney and the neighbourhood. Enterprising farmers were pushing up into the country, often applying for convict labourers who wanted to earn their freedom by good behaviour and hard work. There were already young people grown up who called themselves proudly "native born," and to whom the colony was home. To them the life, with all its risks

and hardships, was pleasant enough. There were dangers to life and property from bushrangers, most of them escaped convicts, and from the native blacks, who had learnt, poor things, to have very little liking for their white neighbours. There were farms where women as well as men knew how to use a rifle in defence of their homes, and where the walls were loop-holed ready for any attack in force. But it was a free, open-air life, spent mainly in the saddle, and the neighbours, that is to say, people living a day's ride or more away, were friendly and hospitable. Often relations or friends would settle in the same district, and there would be great birthday parties and meetings for picnics in beautiful spots. The point was how to make this young, vigorous colony into a Christian nation, especially as the convicts were still coming into it faster than the other settlers.

Three years before the Archdeacon's arrival the home Government had decided that it was time for Australia to find its own churches and clergy, which a population of this sort was not very likely to do, even if they had the money for it in the early, hard-working days. The good Judge Burton, when he had the hard task of condemning a party of bushrangers to death, told them frankly that, as far as he could see, the Government of their country had never given them a chance to be anything better. As the Archdeacon himself put it, even a criminal in a civilized country has food and light given him, and surely in a Christian country it is a poor thing to leave the souls of thousands of people to starve in the dark.

There were eight churches in the country when he arrived. They were not beautiful, very few churches were that were put up a hundred years ago, but still they were churches. Up in the country the Archdeacon, with his memories of old Barnet church and of stately Canterbury, took service in barracks and

police stations and places where convicts who misbehaved themselves were shut up for punishment.

He went up and down the country until he knew pretty clearly what was wanted, and then he came home to England and made his appeal to the Societies which were pledged to help our own people overseas, the S.P.G. and the S.P.C.K. Did England, he asked, want to lay the foundations of a nation which believed in nothing? Could they answer, to God for their neglect of all these people, and for the way in which they were developing the country entrusted to Englishmen?

The good old Societies answered the call with no uncertain voice. They gave money for building churches and they found clergy to help, each one of whom, Mr. Broughton said, added a year to his life.

For he was going back as their father and leader. If Australia needed a Church, it did most assuredly need a Bishop. There were churches being built, and there were children growing up; how could a Bishop in Calcutta consecrate the new buildings and confirm the boys and girls and be father in God to all the scattered clergy? So, in the chapel at Lambeth Palace, kneeling side by side with George Mountain, the chosen Bishop of Montreal, William Broughton was consecrated first Bishop of the Church in Australia.

One thing he did while he was in England was to go down to Canterbury for the festival of his old school, and to preach at the service in the Cathedral. He must have had the new country very much in his mind as he talked about education, and what it ought to be; of how absurd it was to put what we call secular and sacred learning in separate compartments, worst of all in opposition to each other. And as he looked round at the glorious building in which he was speaking and thought of what he owed to the founders of his own school, he must have seen in his

mind's eye another King's School on the other side of the world, a school just three years old with all its history to make.

It began in a brick house in Parramatta, fourteen miles from Sydney, and it started with twelve boys, six boarders and six day boys. The Archdeacon must have lost no time about it, for it was open before he had been three years in the colony, and he had the backing of the Duke of Wellington, and through him, the support of King William IV. That gave a good reason for calling it the King's School, but it must have been with the memory of the older King's School that Mr. Broughton gave the name to this new foundation.

The numbers very soon went up; there were a hundred boys before the year was through, and more houses were being rented until the school could move to fresh buildings of its own.

They must have been a quaint-looking party, those first King's School boys, in their short blue jackets with the trousers buttoned outside, and their peaked caps with large crowns, finishing, like the great Panjandrum's, with a "little round button on the top." Some careful mothers of the smaller boys provided brown holland pinafores which covered them down to the ankles, little guessing what the unlucky little wearers would have to suffer from the other boys, and how each would have to answer to a girl's name. What would schoolboys nowadays say to the breakfast of those first King's School boys—dry bread, washed down by basins of very weak, very sweet tea, and to the unvarying and very solid suet pudding which followed the daily beef?

Once—and the memory of that great time must have lasted long among the first scholars—there was a great three days when the whole school rejoiced in bread and butter for breakfast and for supper. A boy

whose relations were farming somewhere up country received a big keg of butter from his father's station. It was a present from his mother to a friend in Sydney, but the letter explaining where it was to be sent got lost on the way and the butter arrived without it. Nobody asked any questions. What was more likely than that mother should have been overcome with pity at the idea of those dry bread breakfasts and should have sent something to help them down? So the happy possessor of the butter handed out delicious chunks to anybody and everybody who brought a bit of paper to receive it, and three days made the keg look decidedly foolish. Then one day in came Mr. Forest, the head-master, with an open letter in his hand and summoned that particular boy.

"Do you know anything about some butter from your mother; she wants to know whether it arrived?"

"Oh yes, sir," was the ready answer, with a sigh for the good time just over, "it came all safe."

"Yes, but what have you done with it? Did you send it on to the lady your mother wrote about?"

The distributor of the butter looked blankly at the schoolmaster. "Mother never told me to send it anywhere, sir."

"Then, where is it? I understand there was a hundredweight."

"Gone, sir! We've eaten it!"

Clearly there was nothing to be done and it was nobody's fault. Mr. Forest saw it and roared with laughter, telling his pupil to make things up with his mother the best way he could.

One of the first pupils, who had tender recollections of that butter and has saved the story for us, was a grandson of Samuel Marsden, and the son of that baby girl born at sea on the first voyage to New South Wales. He must have been a popular boy, for he

went out from time to time on half-holidays to his grandfather's house, where four kind and admiring aunts packed delightful baskets of good things for him to take back.

The boys had good fields for cricket and rounders, and fine bathing in the river. Probably they grumbled over many things in those first rough times, and looking back afterwards as grey-headed men, vowed that the school was never so great as in its early days, whatever their sons and grandsons, also King's School boys, might say to the contrary.

Meanwhile, Bishop Broughton was fighting the battle for Church teaching in the schools in the new country. It happened that the Governor of New South Wales was an old school-fellow of his, and when he was speaking out, earnestly and frankly, in the Council about the unfairness of leaving the children with no teaching about the Faith of the Church to which they belonged, he ventured to remind him of the lessons which they had shared in the good old school at Canterbury. He won his battle, for the time being at any rate, and the friendship between himself and the Governor never failed to the end of their lives.

The year after the Bishop's arrival, the foundation-stone of the first Cathedral of Australia was laid in Sydney, and there is a little bit of Canterbury in the two western towers which he introduced into the plan. His letters home were full of longings for more clergy. If things went on as they were, he wrote, he would be a leader with no one to lead. Yet he was determined to have only the right men.

Also it was absolutely necessary to divide the Diocese.

"I have just been a journey of fifteen hundred miles," he wrote, "and I ought to start again to-morrow," and he offered half his income—three-quarters if necessary—if he could have the right men

for two new bishoprics, "the sort of man who would be ready for anything and everything that required him, while he required nothing except just what he happened to find."

The big island of Tasmania, to which convicts were still sent after Australia had ceased to be a penal settlement, was the first to be cut off and made a Diocese by itself, and Adelaide, Melbourne, and Newcastle followed in the Bishop's lifetime to his exceeding joy.

One thing about the Bishop which struck those who knew him well was the way in which he seemed to be always on the alert to meet any need that came along. He wanted to have the Church on the spot first, not coming in behindhand and ill-equipped, as had happened in the first days of the colony.

In 1851 gold was discovered in Bathurst, which was then part of the Diocese, and people began to hurry there in the hope of making fortunes. The Bishop lost no time in going there himself, with a priest whom he meant to leave in charge, and sent round word that, on a given day, he would be on the site of the future church at six in the morning, and hoped that as many people as possible would meet him there. He had held service in the camp on the Sunday before, and people were interested and excited and came along in good numbers. The Bishop spoke to them, telling them that he had made preparations for a place in which they could worship God reverently at once, while a permanent church was being built. It was no good thinking that their work in this new place could be blest if they left the thought of God on one side, and so, on this ground which no one had ever dug or built upon until that day, he called upon them to help him and "all to dig together for the honour of God and the extension of His Church."

Then he took a pick and set to work to make a hole for the first post at the north-east corner of the space which had been marked out. The congregation wanted no more urging. The only difficulty was finding spades and picks enough to go round. Half the holes were dug by half-past eight, when the workers knocked off for breakfast. At mid-day there was a fresh excitement, the arrival of a train of wagons bringing the canvas which was to make the temporary walls and roof, and also the altar, font and lectern, and other furnishings. Day by day the work went on, the Bishop in and out continually, lending a hand whenever possible.

It was Wednesday when the first holes were dug. On Sunday the church was packed by a keen congregation, many of whom had to stand outside. On the following Thursday it was solemnly dedicated, the Bishop with his own hands nailing the Cross to the east end of the roof supports. Then the bell rang out to call the people to the first celebration of the Holy Eucharist. The church was there, ready to meet the needs of the new settlement.

It was a great day in the bush parishes when Bishop Broughton paid his visits. He was a strict man, but always thoughtful and considerate for his clergy. Probably he knew that slackness about small things in a new country is a thing that grows very quickly. Bishop Strachan of Toronto, who spent weeks on end travelling through Canadian forests with a corner in a log hut for shelter at night, used to tell the younger men that a priest ought to look like a gentleman if he could, and Bishop Broughton, the layer of foundations, dared not begin by neglecting matters of order and discipline. He lived poorly enough himself, first in a very second-rate hotel and later in a wretched house for which he had an enormous rent to pay, but he and his good wife, his

"Sally," as he always called her, were ever ready with their hospitality to the men who were studying for the Ministry.

"One of the best men I ever knew, and the kindest and best woman in the world," one of them wrote later of the Bishop and Mrs. Broughton, and it was a very proud day for him when he had the chance to entertain the Bishop in his own parsonage, and to set before him one of the home-cured hams from his farm.

One more great step in the history of the Australian Church Bishop Broughton was allowed to see.

In 1850 the five Bishops met in conference and formed the Australian Board of Missions for the work of the Church overseas. That Board of Missions for the whole Church of Australia is not a bad object lesson for us at home, where people are only too apt to think of foreign Missions as the business of a few people "who take interest in such things," instead of being one of the first duties of every Christian.

Two years later Bishop Broughton sailed for England. He wanted to establish the right of the Church of Australia to call her own synods and to manage her own concerns, and he wanted very much to see his mother once again. He was a lonely man, for his "Sally" has gone from him two years before, and old Mrs. Broughton was ninety-two; he could hardly expect to see her if he put off the visit home much longer. It was a particularly trying voyage, for they had yellow fever and other sickness on the ship, and the Bishop had to read the Burial Service over the captain and many of the crew and passengers. When at last the ship hauled down her quarantine flag, and the passengers hurried thankfully ashore at Southampton, the Bishop refused to land while there were any sick on board, waiting to cheer and help them until he saw them in safe quarters.

For one old friend he arrived just too late. On the very day on which the boat put into port, the "great world-victor's victor," the Duke of Wellington, was being laid to his rest "with an Empire's lamentation" in St. Paul's.

Bishop Broughton was delayed for a while by illness, the result of the hard voyage, but he did see his mother, kneeling with old-fashioned loving reverence to ask the old lady's blessing.

He attended meetings of the two Societies which had helped him so faithfully, the S.P.G. and the S.P.C.K., and his diary was full of engagements to speak and preach. But his work here was just finished. He fell ill at the house of Lady Gipps, the widow of his old school-fellow, the Governor of New South Wales, and died after a fortnight's illness, talking quietly to himself of the time "when the earth shall be full of the glory of the Lord."

They laid him, as was fitting, in the great Cathedral which he so loved. His grave is close beside the tablet which commemorates the Governor, Sir George Gipps. Fifty King's School boys and their masters followed the body of the man who had done so much to link the Mother Church of England and all her great traditions with the daughter Church of the new country.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SELWYN.

"The man of the labouring oar."

A HUNDRED years ago, between 1820 and 1830, Eton boys were not supposed to boat, but did so nevertheless, while the masters took very little notice. There was a certain boat on the river for which eight boys might often have been seen running at top speed, every one of the crew doing his level best to avoid being last there. The reason of the race was that one of the oars was an exceedingly bad one, and the boy who got it would have to work harder than any of the others. The consequence was that the unlucky last man in was usually too cross to do anything at all, and heard of it from the rest of the crew. At last one of the eight took the novel line of always choosing the worst oar and pulling his weight contentedly notwithstanding, after which things went cheerfully.

That boy was George Selwyn, afterwards first Bishop of New Zealand, and the story is not a bad example of the way in which he usually worked. Many of us are apt to give a difficult job the go-by, almost without thinking about it, in the hope that someone else may turn up and do it. George Selwyn's attitude to a piece of unattractive work seems to have been, "somebody has got to do it, and why not myself as well as anybody?" And—having taken the work over—to go at it with the cheery motto, "In we are, and on we must."

It was in the year 1841 that the call came to him to undertake about as difficult a task as could be imagined, the headship of the young Church of New Zealand. We have learnt something about the dauntless courage and devotion of the men who broke

the first ground. There were churches now for Christian worship up and down the land, and many English priests doing faithful work, but to bring all these activities into line, to make the scattered congregations into one organized Church, needed a man, not only of courage, but of statesmanship and foresight and boundless energy, a man who would do the present work with an eye on the future, laying foundations broad and strong for the builders yet to come. Bishop Broughton had come across once to confirm some of the people in this far-away part of his Diocese, but it was quite clear that there must be a Bishop on the spot to do for New Zealand what he was doing for Australia, if the young Church were to live with a vigorous life of its own.

It was on an October Sunday evening that the new Bishop, who had been curate-in-charge of the parish of Windsor, preached his farewell sermon in his old church, and there was something very like himself and his way of looking at things in the grand musical words of the second part of the Book of Isaiah, which he took for his text :

Thine heart shall fear and be enlarged, because the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee.

He always felt the greatness of the task before him, it was a work to which no man could go lightly or in his own strength, but its very greatness was a call and an inspiration, setting his feet, as the psalm says, "in a large room," a place full of wonderful, glorious possibilities.

There was an Eton boy of fourteen, who stood all through the service that October Sunday, to hear Bishop Selwyn's farewell sermon, and he wrote home to his mother afterwards, "It was beautiful when he talked about going out to found a church and then to die forgotten."

That boy was to be hereafter Bishop Selwyn's best beloved companion and helper, John Coleridge Patteson, the martyr Bishop of Melanesia.

It was in the last days of the year that the party started, the Bishop and his wife and baby son, five priests, three catechists, and two school teachers, and the voyage took five months, allowing for a short stay at Sydney. But it was not wasted time for the Bishop. Not only did he hold classes for his companions, helping them to study the psalms and lessons for the day, in the original languages, but he put himself to school with the captain, who gave him valuable lessons in navigation, and he set himself to learn the Maori tongue from a New Zealand boy who fortunately happened to be on board.

Nothing could have been more like himself than his arrival in his diocese. His ship, the *Tomatin*, was detained in Sydney for repairs, but the Bishop found a small brig sailing for Auckland, and leaving Mrs. Selwyn and some of the party to come on in the larger boat, he himself hurried forward and, on a glorious moonlight night in May, cast anchor in Auckland harbour. In the grey of the dawn he and his chaplain rowed themselves ashore. This fashion of arrival was a great relief to the Governor, Captain Hobson, an old friend of Samuel Marsden, who had remarked, when he heard from home that a Bishop had been appointed, that he didn't know what a Bishop was going to do in a country where there was not so much as a road for his carriage. This working Bishop, who had tramped up from the beach to wake the Chief Justice and take him back to breakfast on board the brig, was a much more possible sort of person for the young colony than the lordly ecclesiastic whom he had imagined. In fact, the Governor felt he would do.

The Bishop had put his Maori into practice already, for a boat full of New Zealand folk came alongside the

Tomatin in Sydney Harbour, and very much amazed they were when an Englishman leaned over the bulwarks and greeted them in their own tongue. So, on his very first Sunday in Auckland he rejoiced the hearts of the native people by preaching to them in Maori. As soon as he had seen his wife and the little one comfortably settled, he started off on a tour of his great Diocese.

In the old Eton days he used to amuse himself in the holidays by taking a course across country, with a distant church tower or steeple for the goal, going straight to it either on foot or on horseback, taking no notice of obstacles, and, if he were walking, quickening his pace when he came to a ploughed field, "to improve his wind." As one of his friends said, "he laughed his way through difficulties."

He was an untiring walker, a fearless and skilful rider, and an excellent swimmer, and he went through the wild, beautiful country as he had crossed the hedges and ditches and heavy fallow land of old England. He seemed to have an instinct for finding the best track among the hills and through the bush, and as for the rivers, he swam them, like young *Lochinvar*, "where ford there was none," with his clothes tied on his head, or made a raft and punted himself over.

He stayed in many strange places; in new townships, where he gave the people a service in a concert-hall or a barn; in the *pas* or native villages, or by his own camp fire in the open, never so happy as when he could share his meal with some other traveller who was out of the way or short of supplies. One friend of his, Captain Jacobs, had a joke against him that he had caught him up one evening riding one horse and leading another, prepared to camp beside the track. Captain Jacobs told him that he was going on himself to the house of a settler, where he was sure that the

Bishop would be welcome. But the Bishop shook his head. People were most kind and hospitable, but they got up so late, and he must be stirring before the sun.

"I shall be on the way before you've finished breakfast," he said, and Captain Jacobs had to leave him.

However, the next morning, when the Captain started on his way, whom should he overtake but the Bishop, cooking breakfast over a fire of sticks. The people under the roof had beaten him for once, for the horses had got loose in the bush, and it had taken him all his time to find them. It didn't worry him, however, for it had given him the chance, as he said, of having a friend to breakfast, and he bowed politely to the most utterly ragged broken-down tramp that anybody ever set eyes on, who was sitting on the other side of the fire, perfectly at home.

A great sorrow came to him on this journey. One of the workers who had gone out with him, Mr. Evans, died of fever, nursed to the last by the Bishop, who was as tender and considerate for other people as he was careless of any comfort for himself. This first journey lasted six months, and he limped into Auckland in the remains of his last pair of shoes, and in garments, none of which, he declared, would have fetched sixpence in the rag-market.

A pioneer of the Church in a new country has two tasks before him. He has to spy out the land, to visit his scattered flock in all their far-apart settlements, to take adventurous journeys and probably risk his life in wild places and among wild people. That means courage and resource, and readiness to face dangers and endure hardships. But not less important is it that the pioneer should be a builder, looking forward to the days when the new colony will be a settled country with a life and institutions of its own. Kipling's "Explorer," standing, a solitary white man in the wonderful country

to which "God's Whisper" had called him, without a roof to shelter him, or food, except of his own finding, to keep him from starvation,

*Plotted sites of future cities, traced the easy grades between
'em;*

*Watched unharnessed rapids wasting fifty thousand head
an hour;*

*Counted leagues of water frontage through the axe-ripe
woods that screen 'em;*

*Saw the plant to feed a people—up and waiting for the
power.*

Just so the pioneer Bishop was looking ahead to the days when the Church of the Colony ought to be able to stand alone, finding her own funds and also managing her own affairs. It was in the hope of educating her sons, both native and English-born, for this future, that he started what he called "the key and pivot" of all his work, St. John's College, which began without waiting for any building, in a few tents at Weimate, the mission station in the north, where the Bishop fixed his first residence in New Zealand. It was to be first and foremost a training school for the Maoris, who might, by and by, be candidates for the ministry; but also it was a college and hostel for young men newly come to the colony, and for the sons of those who had come out with their families. There was also to be a hospital attached to it, where the sick and the old might be tended by those who could and would give their services as a labour of love. It is rather difficult for us to understand in these days how much those words meant in the early forties, when the nursing profession was very little thought of, and when those who did the work for money were anything but the best of our country's womanhood.

The College had only £300 from England to depend upon, a grant from the S.P.G. for education, therefore everybody had to work. This, the Bishop was never tired of saying, was exactly as it should be in a new Colony. New Zealand had no room whatever for

what the natives beautifully described as the "pig gentleman," who considered all manual work beneath him. Fustian and corduroy was the costume at St. John's, and masters and pupils alike took part in the gardening, farming, carpentering, and printing.

After a year both Bishop and College moved to Auckland, which was to be the cathedral city of the Diocese. They made a characteristic start, Mrs. Selwyn and her eldest little boy on horseback, and the Bishop walking, carrying the baby in a plaid at his back, and here again the College was housed in tents until wooden houses with reed thatch, and later on, solid stone buildings, were ready to be occupied. Here the Bishop started, among other industries, a school of weaving, and taught the Maoris that there was some use to be made of the wool of their sheep, which they had been burying to get it out of the way.

He was planning already for the division of his large Diocese, and was quite prepared to sacrifice half his own stipend that a second Bishop might be appointed. In fact, when he came back to England after twelve years in the colony, and found that there was every prospect of his having no stipend at all, he said coolly that he knew where to find the fern-roots that his Maori people eat, and where the best fish could be caught, and birds shot for food, and that he was going back to New Zealand to dig, or to beg if necessary, so that his work should be carried on.

As if New Zealand itself were not enough for one man's energy, his Diocese included those islands in the Pacific Ocean, which we call Melanesia, or the country of black people, perhaps the most difficult place in the world for missionary work. Besides the long sea voyage and the risk of tropical storms and dangerous rocks and shoals, there was the language, different on every group of islands, sometimes with different dialects on the same

island, language which had never been put into writing. The people were always at war, making head-hunting expeditions against one another, and many of them were cannibals. The climate, too, was very hard on Europeans, and the food, chiefly yams and coconuts, with occasional pork, was not very satisfying.

Yet there was a great fascination about those islands. They were like the enchanted isles of some old fairy tale, with their encircling ramparts of coral reef, rocks of every shape and colour, blue, pink, green, and purple, showing through the clear water, and the line of surf breaking on the white beach, where the dusky, graceful, brown people swam, and dabbled and dived like so many water fowl, and paddled their beautiful canoes in the calm water of the lagoon between the reef and the shore. As soon as Bishop Selwyn had visited the whole of the New Zealand part of his Diocese, and had got his college at Auckland fairly running, he was eager to be off to the islands, and very readily accepted the offer of the captain of an English man-of-war under orders for Melanesia, that he should go with them as chaplain.

It was only a visit of inspection, but the Bishop made the very most of it, and, as he went from one group of islands to another, made plans for his work among the wild people. He always loved to tell of his first meeting with the man whom he called "my tutor," Captain Paddon, the sandalwood trader, who sent him back with high hopes of the future for the islands. It was off the Isle of Pines that the schooner was moored, an island to which the Bishop rowed himself alone in a borrowed boat, for his own captain thought the risk was too great to run. Yet Captain Paddon and his men were ashore, bargaining for sandalwood, leaving one sailor calmly smoking his pipe on the deck of the schooner.

"I've trafficked with them for years," the captain told the Bishop. "I have shown them such kindness as I could. I have treated them fairly, and they have treated me in the same way."

If every white visitor had kept the rule of Bishop Selwyn's "tutor," precious lives would have been spared, and the saddest chapters in the story of Melanesia would never have been written.

At any rate, the Bishop came back full of hope, and with one very clear idea about the best way of influencing the islanders. If he could persuade them to let him bring some of their boys back with him to spend a few months at the College, and to learn the beginnings of Christianity and civilization, would not the boys themselves be his best missionaries to win the confidence of their people and hand on the teaching they had received?

It was with this hope that he set sail again in five months' time, this time in his own little schooner, the *Undine*. His study of navigation was standing him in good stead; a merchant seaman, with no great opinion of bishops, remarked that it was enough to make you a Churchman to see this particular Bishop bring a ship into harbour. From Captain Paddon and from his own experience with the Maoris, he had learnt that the only way of dealing with the savage islanders was to go to them with absolute confidence. When he visited a new island he went alone; it was his business, and there was no point in extra people running risks. He would swim ashore, carrying with him his presents for the islanders, an axe, a bundle of fish-hooks, and some of the red tape with which they loved to ornament their fuzzy locks. If he had been able to learn beforehand the name of the chief, he would call for him as he waded ashore, and would then go forward confidently, holding out the present as an introduction. Then, if his rather doubtful host accepted the hatchet, he would smilingly ask for

the loan of his bow and arrows, those deadly poisoned arrows which might come in showers at any moment from the interested watchers on the shore, and would lay them on the ground in token of peace, and go on to make friends with the children, who came to him like flies to a honey-pot, and danced for joy over the fish-hooks. It may have been partly his splendid appearance, for he was as fine a figure of an Englishman as you could desire to see, and yet more his perfect trustfulness and friendliness, but never a hand was raised against him.

He was away three months, and then, one morning in the small hours, Mrs. Selwyn was aroused from her morning dreams by someone bursting into her bedroom with the triumphant exclamation, "I've got them!"

"They" were five brown, fuzzy-haired Melanesian boys, trusted by their relations to spend the New Zealand summer at Auckland. The Bishop was gloriously happy over these first pupils from the islands, and we may gather how they were received into the family party at the College by a letter from Mrs. Selwyn, telling of one of the boys whom she had nursed through a bad illness. He had made up his mind, she said, that when he went home to Lifu, his own island, the Bishop and all the family, most especially Johnny, the Selwyn baby, must come too, and his own mother would carry Johnny on her back and give him "too much sugar cane." By which it seems as if Melanesian babies, like some white ones, cry for more sweets than are good for their digestion.

The time soon came when the Bishop, still looking ahead, felt that he ought to be making provision for Christian wives for his boys, and brought back from the islands two little girls. Whatever the Melanesian fashion might be, it was hardly possible to introduce these young ladies into Auckland society with no clothes at all, but Bishop Selwyn was, as usual, equal

to the occasion, and manufactured two tasty garments out of an old sail, getting hold of a bit of red ribbon from somewhere to give a dash of colour. One of the girls, to be known after her baptism as Carrie—the other was Sarah, after Mrs. Selwyn—was the daughter of a particularly horrible old cannibal chief. She was happily married to one of the Bishop's Christian boys, but died of consumption while still quite young, her husband soon following her. The island people, like so many uncivilized tribes, went down very quickly under illness, and the Bishop had to suffer the loss of many of his best converts. Once, when in his warm-hearted fashion he was crying over a letter with the news of the death of one of his boys, his friend, Sir George Grey, then Governor of New Zealand, comforted him by the suggestion of the joy and excitement there must be in Paradise when the first of a new race joined the crowd of "all people, nations and languages," to be gathered hereafter round the Throne.

Carrie's godmother was Mrs. Abraham, the wife of the Bishop's dear friend and colleague, who had come out from Eton to join him, and who became later Bishop of Wellington. All through his work Bishop Selwyn was wonderfully happy in his friends. The Governors, first Captain Hobson and then Sir George Grey, were his staunch supporters, and so also were Judge Martin and his wife, loyal church people, always ready with their hospitality.

But the dearest of all was the one whom he brought back after his first visit home, John Coleridge Patteson, "Coley," to his near friends and kindred, the boy who had listened to that farewell sermon at Windsor. He was a priest now, very happy in a beautiful country parish close to his own home, but with his thoughts turning continually to the far-away islands in the southern sea, and only held back by the fear of

grieving the old father, whose chief joy was in his eldest boy. But old Judge Patteson was as brave a man as his son.

"I can't let him go," he cried in the first moment to his daughter, and then, almost in the same breath, "God forbid I should stop him."

From that moment he never, by word or look, held his boy back from the work to which God was calling him. As he wrote quite clearly to his friend Bishop Selwyn, he knew that there was little chance of his living to see Coley home again, but his son must never for a moment think of leaving the work to come back to him.

The story of the first Bishop of Melanesia, of his thrilling life of love and service, and his death at the hands of the people "for whom he would have so gladly given his life," cannot be told here. But as Timothy was to Paul, friend and son, pupil and right-hand, so, during the last thirteen years of his life in New Zealand, was Coley Patteson to Bishop Selwyn.

They were in many ways very hard and sad years, with a far worse trouble than weary, difficult journeys or risk at the hand of savage people. It was the grief of Kipling's familiar words—

To hear the truth you've spoken

Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,

And see the things you've given your life to, broken,

And stoop and build them up with worn-out tools.

A miserable war, which had begun before and died down, broke out again between the English settlers and the Maoris. It was the old trouble of the land taken by the colonists from the old inhabitants, very much, of course, for the good of the land, and, in the end, of the people; but, nevertheless, they had been there a very long time first and the new-comers did not always remember it. In some cases it was

real hardship and unfair dealing, in others just misunderstanding. At any rate, there was discontent and trouble which it was easy for native leaders to fan into fire. Bishop Selwyn was in the hard place of the man with his heart in both camps. He was chaplain to the English forces, and on a Sunday would ride from post to post that each might have a service. The officers could watch through their glasses the fearless horseman cantering along a high ridge exposed to the fire of the Maoris, and there would be a satisfied exclamation, "All right, missed him again," when, after a puff of smoke and the ping of a bullet, the rider went steadily on. The troops loved the man who lay on the ground with them in camp, carried back their wounded under fire, and was doctor and nurse as well as chaplain. Knowing the natives as he did, he could many a time give warning to an undefended settlement of the coming of the enemy.

New Zealand folk, a generation later, could tell their recollections of the early days, of being roused out of sleep by a hammering at the door, and of the quaint figure of a tall, hastily dressed gentleman, with a candle stuck in a bottle for a light, who forthwith took a couple of babies in his arms, or an old or helpless person on his back, and led the way to safer quarters before the little wooden houses were burnt over the heads of their owners.

Yet there were people ready to accuse the Bishop of want of patriotism and of undue sympathy with the enemies of England. While, on the other hand, the Maories, whose wounded he sought out and tended often at the utmost risk of his life, denounced him as an enemy.

It was a bitter thing indeed to see the work of years undone, and the old savage instincts awaking again even in the Christian natives.

But there were comforting things too. In one terrible attack upon a Maori *pa*, the native leader was a man named Henare, who had been a student at St. John's College. One night, when darkness fell after a fierce all-day fight, Henare found a British officer wounded to death within the lines and moaning for water. There was none in the *pa*, but Henare knew of a spring beyond the English sentry. Thither he went, crawling through the tall fern in peril at every moment, to bring the drink back to his dying enemy. A few days later he fell himself, face to the foe in the last attack upon the *pa*. Upon him was found a copy of the "orders for the day." It opened with a prayer and ended with the words, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink."

"The book that our teachers brought us says, 'If thine enemy hunger, feed him.' You are our enemies; you hunger, we feed you, that is all."

So said a party of Maoris, leaving a consignment of goats and potatoes at an English camp where the rations were nearly exhausted.

Yet these were the sons of men who had been used to kill and eat their foes, to whom revenge was almost a religious duty.

Truly, Bishop Selwyn could never feel that his work among the native people had been in vain.

He lived to see better days come to the colony; to see his huge Diocese divided into seven, and his beloved "Coley," Bishop of Melanesia; to see the Church of New Zealand a self-governing body, with her clergy and laity gathering at regular intervals to discuss and plan, as we are only now learning to do at home.

Then, in 1867, when he was in England for the first Lambeth Conference, came the call to work in the home country as Bishop of Lichfield. He was

very loth to consent; only the very strongly expressed wish of Queen Victoria and the Archbishop of Canterbury prevailed with him at last, and he came back to New Zealand to say good-bye.

To the clergy and people of his Diocese it was the parting with a father who was the centre and pivot of the whole Church life.

"How can we ever forget you?" ran their farewell address. "Each hill and valley, each river and bay and headland, is full of memories of you, the busy town, the lonely settlers' huts, the countless islands, all speak to us of you."

There was good work and hard work still before this man of hard tasks; plenty of call for tact and wisdom and courage in the old country. But it is with the colony that his name will always be associated, and it was thither that his thoughts turned when his earthly work ended.

When, ten years later, he lay dying at Lichfield, the friends standing about him caught the words, "It is light, it is light." And he spoke in the Maori tongue, with which thirty-six years before he had greeted the brown folk of the overseas country where he had pulled so faithfully the labouring oar.

THE FIRST BUSH BROTHERHOOD.

IF the English Church had learnt the lesson of Bishop Broughton's rush to the help of the first gold-diggers in Bathurst, the last chapter of this book might never have needed to be written. If the "Island Mother" of Anglican Church folk scattered about the world had been alert and awake to look out for her children's needs and to supply them, she would not have lost touch with a great many of her sons, and would not have had to make up for the past neglect at great cost and by much toil and sacrifice.

All this is, unfortunately, true, and makes us sorry and ashamed, but on the other hand it is only a live Church that can meet new difficulties with new plans, or can adapt and alter old ways to meet new needs.

It was forty years and more since Bishop Broughton had been laid to rest at Canterbury, and he would have found it hard to recognize the Sydney that he knew in the beautiful city of these days. But further north there were still pioneers pushing up into new country, taking up land for the raising of sheep and cattle, and building very ugly little townships with neither road nor rail to connect them with anywhere else.

In the year 1859 the Diocese of Brisbane had been created, and in 1892 the Diocese of Rockhampton was carved out of it, a Diocese about four times the size of England and Wales, nearly covering Central Queensland.

It was in 1897 that Bishop Dawes of Rockhampton, came home with a very strong appeal to the Church in England. His people were scattered far and wide on lonely sheep and cattle stations. When he first went out there there were only seven priests to cover the whole ground, and though the railway from the coast

ran inland about four hundred miles, there were another four hundred yet to the western boundary. Traveling, sometimes through trackless country, had to be done on horseback or by buggy. There were people who had never seen a priest for fifteen or twenty years, children growing up as absolute heathen. There was very little money in the Diocese, those who made money out of it lived mostly in England, and seemed to feel no responsibility for the place which had made them rich. The few clergy, with their huge parishes, lived a terribly lonely life, burdened not only with the weight of a task which was quite beyond their power, but cut off from all chance of companionship, with no opportunity of talking over puzzles and difficulties with like-minded men, or of keeping in touch with the Church's work in other places.

It was all wrong, the Bishop felt. When Christ sent His apostles out on their preaching tour, He sent them two together. It was never part of His plan that His workers should go without the sympathy and comradeship which halves the burdens and doubles the joys of every undertaking. The Bishop had a scheme in his mind for meeting the difficulty, and he was coming to England for help to carry it out. In India a company of young unmarried men living together were facing the problems of the crowded city of Delhi. Why should not a similar company form a Brotherhood at some central point in his great lone Diocese, and, going out in turn, a month or so at a time, visit the different stations, and then come back for the joy of cheer and comradeship at the Head-quarters?

That was the Bishop's scheme, and he had come to the home Church for men and money to make it into a reality.

Since he was last in England, something had happened which was going to help him. Some of the younger clergy in the Diocese of Durham had put

themselves into the hands of their Bishop to go just wherever the need of the Church was greatest, going without delay or question, as soldiers go when they receive their marching orders. Bishop Dawes heard of these men, and he determined to lay this great need of our own kith and kin before those who might be ready to meet it.

Afterwards, when his scheme had proved its value and was being copied in one great Diocese after another, it was good to hear him tell the story of how he took his courage in both hands and travelled to the north to face the great Bishop Westcott and ask him for his best man. The Bishop of Durham was not a man to do things in a hurry. He questioned the Colonial Bishop up and down, about the country, and the people and the details of the plan. He told him frankly that, had he asked for a priest to be sent away to utter loneliness in the Bush, he would have been refused. It was the wrong thing, and a waste of man power, the sort of life that might damage the best of men.

But the Brotherhood was a different thing. He was inclined to advise one of the best of his younger clergy to go out to Rockhampton and start it.

So it was that the Rev. George Halford, Vicar of St. Peter's, Jarrow, left his busy parish on Tyneside, and the wonderful old church where Bede, the Church historian, sang in the choir nearly thirteen centuries ago, and went out to be the founder of the first Bush Brotherhood. One other priest and one newly-ordained deacon made up his first company. They took St. Andrew for their name-Saint, and those who remember the beginning of their work will never hear that hymn for St. Andrew's Day without thinking of the call which summoned those men, like the fishermen brothers of Galilee, to an unknown venture.

If anything were wanted to show Mr. Halford how sorely the work was needed, he found it on the voyage

out. One of the passengers was returning to his home in the Bush after a visit to England. He heard where the English priest was going, and vowed it was time, indeed.

"We've no Church for ninety miles," he said, "and as for a parson, I never saw one for eleven years, no one ever came near us."

Mr. Halford tried to say that a man who cared as he did about such things must have been a help to the place, but the other answered frankly and sadly that it was all the other way, he had been an atheist and a blasphemer, speaking bitter things about religion and against God. He had come back to his Faith while he had been in England, and was a Communicant now. He hoped he should hold on to his religion, he couldn't do without it. But, after all, was it a wonder if men went off the lines, with nobody to help them?

It seemed as if the new venture had received its welcome and its blessing even before the workers had set foot in the country.

The Brotherhood house was to be at Longreach, the terminus of the Central Queensland Railway, more than four hundred miles from Rockhampton. The best friend of Queensland could not call it a pretty journey. Mr. Halford, writing home, said that he could not describe the scenery, because there wasn't any! Certainly there had been a long drought, which had burnt up every bit of green; the water-holes and creeks were just baked and cracked depressions in the brown ground, and the monotonous scrub and grey gum trees were unsatisfying enough after English oaks and beeches. The only signs of life were occasional camps, or a small township, mostly of corrugated iron. Longreach itself was a bigger place with a double row of shops, and the new arrivals had a hearty welcome from the Archdeacon, who had been gallantly trying to cover the ground, turning his hand to most things, even

Church needlework, for his ill-furnished churches. There were one or two fair-sized townships in the Brotherhood district, and, scattered everywhere, at wide distances apart, were the sheep and cattle stations, each one a little community in itself, where men mustered in numbers at shearing time.

These were days before the Ford car had come to change the ways of the world, and the first and chief necessity was for horses. Five was the least that the Brotherhood needed, seven if they could be had, but the handling of Bush horses needs a little apprenticeship. Also, you meet quite unexpected difficulties. Careful and considerate Masters of Foxhounds in England beg their field to have the courtesy to shut the farmers' gates, but they do not exact a £50 fine for a gate left open. In Australia you may find your way barred by a wire-netted fence to circumvent that national scourge, the rabbit, who was introduced from England, and has made himself only too much at home. And to get yourself, your buggy, and your very lively pair of horses through a rabbit gate and to shut it behind you without letting horses and buggy disappear into the dim distance, takes some doing.

The tours had to be carefully planned so as to take in as many points as possible. The buggy—the long, four-wheeled cart, which is so thoroughly Australian—had to be packed with the touring Brother's personal possessions—as few as possible—with the vessels for Holy Communion, with prayer and hymn books for services, and for leaving with those who might like to have them, as well as with Bible pictures for the children, a lantern and slides, food for man, and, in time of drought, for horses, and, most important of all, the water-bag, made of canvas, which, when thoroughly soaked, holds water well and remains gloriously cool.

The Brothers had talked beforehand of getting in a good deal of reading and thinking in the long days

when they were driving for hour after hour through monotonous country, but they very soon found that it is hardly possible to read or even to do any hard thinking when your wheel may at any moment go over a series of stumps or even a tree trunk. The horses made no bother about it, but the driver might be black and blue by the end of the day. The only wonder was that the buggy escaped the fate of the "wonderful one horse shay" in the poem, and did not drop into a collection of interesting fragments. The Head had once the experience of finding himself on the ground, and of seeing the wheel go over his sun-helmet, missing his head by a very few inches. Truly, it seemed as if the Brothers' Guardian Angels had plenty to do.

Sometimes a night had to be spent in the open, with a good fire kindled to boil the billy and to keep away snakes, which are possible unpleasant visitors. Bishop Dawes was a past-master in camping, and Mr. Halford wrote home a description of their first trip together, when the new chum was not allowed to have a finger in the pie, but was left to watch in awe and admiration, while his Bishop, in short coat, blue glasses, and white hat tied on with a bootlace on one side and a bit of string on the other, kindled the dry sticks in the proper fashion, boiled the billy and stirred up the tea with a stick.

There were drawbacks to camping when the rains were on, and after the rains, when the flies were indescribable, but it must have been distinctly better than spending a night in a Bush pub. There you shared your room with various other people, whose ideas of cleanliness were often peculiar.

The pleasant thing was the universal hospitality of the people on the stations. The stranger turning up unexpectedly was sure of shelter and a share of anything there was.

But, on the other hand, it was only the few who were interested in the purpose that brought the

strangers to Longreach. Again and again they got the same answer. All that sort of thing belonged to the old days at home; they did very well without prayers and sermons out here; they had got on all right without religion up to now, and might as well go on. Besides—and this hurt most of all—if people at home thought they wanted parsons and churches, why hadn't they sent them before? The thing that really mattered in this country was to get money value for your work, which was hard enough, with droughts and bad seasons, and then to have as good a time as you deserved. And most people evidently thought that these strange Englishmen were, somehow or another, "on the make." Why not? Nobody came to Queensland except with the hope of making money, and why should parsons be the exception?

That was what sent the members of the Brotherhood once and again back from a tour very nearly determined to take the next boat home. What was the good of going on when people didn't want to hear of Christ, didn't believe in Him, didn't want anything, or believe in anything, except money and what it could buy?

So came out all the blessing and the help of the Bishop's scheme. When you came in, fagged out, disappointed and dispirited, a Brother jumped up from the veranda to meet you and take your horse, and you could pour out all your woes to your heart's content, and suddenly discover that, as in the old Greek story, hope lay at the bottom of the box. For, if most Queenslanders didn't want religion, there was always somebody who did. A woman had brought a baby to be baptized, and had been grateful for pictures for her children; if the men on the station wouldn't come in to service, still, there had been family prayers for the host and his housekeeper. And if many things were desperately sad, there were certain to be some things

that were desperately funny, and think of the joy of telling them to people who would understand and laugh!

True it is that there are two great forces that lift us over hard places, religion and a sense of humour. It must have been very good to kneel in company with like-minded people, and to put all the troubles into the mid-day Intercession. Also, it was quite good to take a hand in a pillow-fight, in which it has been whispered that the Brothers sometimes indulged. And the Head, being the Head, did not talk of going home, he only made the Brotherhood House such a power-centre that men caught fresh heart and strength and courage, and felt that it was worth while sticking it a little longer.

Certainly the Brotherhood district threw you right back on to the real thing; you didn't get many outside helps for your religion. We who complain of one church being too hot and another too cold, who cannot attend to the prayers because the service is not exactly to our liking, or somebody in the choir sings flat, how should we get on at a service in the bar parlour of a Bush pub? Could we take our part in prayer and psalm with a concertina playing on the other side of the canvas partition, and people not entirely sober lolling round the door?

What about a service on a big sheep station at shearing time? The owner would be asked for permission and might give it, with a shrug of the shoulders and not very much encouragement as to the chance of the men approving. Then the parson would make his way to the shed, and if there were no regular opposition, would hold his service by the light of a bit of an old trouser swimming in a cup of oil. Men listened or not as they chose. Some played cards, some eat supper, some went to sleep in their bunks, just a few gathered round and accepted hymn books.

And possibly next morning somebody would come round for a few words, or would ask for a prayer book to keep.

They were rather pathetic, some of those men who tramped from station to station at shearing time, splendid workmen when they were sober, but many of them quite unable to keep, or to turn to any use, the money they made. There was always some scoundrel at a neighbouring bar quite ready to relieve them of it, and a man would sometimes hand over the whole of the big cheque he had received, telling the barman to serve him while it lasted. Of course, he was incapable, long before the money was spent, of knowing anything about it, and the balance went to the man who had cheated him. Yet some of them were such good fellows, and to have a party of them sitting round the smoky lamp, talking about the lantern pictures, which had somehow gripped their interest as they followed the old Gospel story, was worth many disappointments and discomforts.

There were some splendid women, too, brave wives and mothers, many a one of whom had to act as mother and nurse and mender and maker to plenty beside her own family, living, perhaps, miles away from any other woman, doing her level best to bring her children up in the right way, and with so little to help her.

And here and there a master would, after a tremendous struggle, find courage to gather his men on Sunday and read a bit of the service with them. It was worth while having come out to Queensland just to help a few such people as these.

* * * * *

Other men joined the Brotherhood later. One of them—destined to give twenty years' work to Queensland—arrived just in time for the blazing hot Australian Christmas, "looking quite cool and happy, and wearing a waistcoat," an article of dress which the rest of the

party had long ago discarded. Nevertheless, so strong is the force of custom that the first question which greeted him was, "Have you brought a plum-pudding?" Fortunately he had.

He came out to very hard times. The years that followed will long be remembered as the time of the great drought.

When next we feel inclined to grumble over the rain, we should do well to read the story of what happens in countries where you wait and watch for it in vain. Think of the weariness of a land with no green anywhere, month after month. Mr. Halford, begging for frontals and hangings for his Bush churches, wrote of the comfort and relief of a little colour in the universal dreary brown. Then, in the townships where people have gardens, comes the order that no flowers are to be watered. A small trouble, of course, compared with others to come, but those of us who love the plants we have nursed can understand the sting of it.

No baths, except a pail hung over your head on the veranda and overturned to make a shower-bath. Then, worst of all, the animals, the poor cows and sheep, starving under your eyes; stockmen going out into the paddock to shoot the calves to save them from a worse fate. Men who had put in years of hard work and were beginning to see the results, having to face the loss of everything, to sell up and go to work as station hands and begin at the beginning again.

The Diocese was hard hit by the bad times. The price of everything went up, the most serious of all, perhaps, being the feed for the horses. Even with cutting down in all directions it was a hard matter for the Brotherhood to carry on.

Yet, out of the trouble came an unexpected good. It was no longer possible for anyone to imagine that the men at Longreach had come to Queensland for what they could get. There was nothing at all to be

got now in that distressful land, and yet they stayed. There was nothing in the world to prevent them going home, and yet they didn't go. They stuck out the evil years with the people they had come to help, and gave them such comfort as they knew how to give, and this fact won them a trust which nothing else could have given them.

Notable things happened from time to time. Here and there a little wooden church was put up. A Sunday School started, helped by books and pictures from home; a township built its Church and became a separate parish, with its own priest taking duty there two Sundays in the month, and touring round in the weeks between. Other men came out to the Brotherhood, one, exceedingly popular in the district, who rode with his boxing-gloves hanging beside his saddle, and, like the hero of the cattle-ship, first fought the men of his congregation and then "led them up to grace." His name was cherished in the country long after he gave his life in the Great War, in such fashion as one might have expected—fetching water for a wounded comrade.

There are plenty more stories to be told of the Diocese of Rockhampton, and of other Brotherhoods started, with fresh developments suited to different places. We could tell how Bishop Dawes came home, broken and worn-out, and had the comfort of seeing his work carried on by the only possible successor, the man whom he had carried off from Tyneside to put his plan into practice at Longreach. We could tell how this second Bishop and Tommy, the pony, took over the long Bush trips during the difficult days of war-time.

People who met the clergy of Rockhampton were wont to say that something of the spirit of St. Andrew's house had taken possession of the Diocese, that never had there been known such a band of brothers. But we must stop here, for this book is the story of beginnings.

Once and again we have seen a little company, and sometimes one man alone, up against heavy odds: huge distances, lack of men, lack of funds, fierce, open evil, and the dead weight of indifference.

There have been people who said "Impossible!" which is an easy and an uninspiring thing to say.

So they said when the boy with the shepherd's sling stood up to the armed giant. So they said when the Galilean lad put his dinner basket into the Master's Hands for the feeding of a multitude.

But in each case the critics did a bit of bad reckoning and left out the most powerful Factor in the calculation. So they proved to be wrong.

BOOKS FOR FURTHER READING.

Though some of the following books are out of print, they can all be obtained from the S.P.G. Lending Library. For particulars apply to the Librarian, S.P.G. House, 15 Tufton Street, Westminster, S.W. 1.

*"Memoir of George J. Mountain, Bishop," by Armine W. Mountain.

*"Memoir of the Life and Episcopate of Edward Feild, Bishop of Newfoundland," by Rev. H. W. Tucker.

*"William Grant Broughton, Bishop." Sermons on the Church of England, its Constitution, Mission, and Trials, with a Memoir by Benjamin Harrison.

*"Mission Heroes" (Bishops Gray, Cotton, Selwyn, Steere, Feild, Patteson, Broughton, Mackenzie, Martyn).

"George Augustus Selwyn." (Wells Gardner.) 3d.

*"In Old Australia." Records and Reminiscences from 1794-1902, by Rev. James Samuel Hassall.

"George Augustus Selwyn, D.D., Bishop of New Zealand and Lichfield," by Louise Creighton. (Longmans.) 5s.

"George Augustus Selwyn, Bishop," by F. W. Boreham. (S. W. Partridge & Co.) 2s. 6d.

"Parson in the Australian Bush," by C. H. S. Matthews. (S.P.G.) 2s. 6d.

"The Sundowner," by B. P. Robin. (S.P.C.K.) 2s.

*"We of the Never Never," by Mrs. Gunn.

"The Land of Open Doors," by J. Burgon Bickersteth. (Wells Gardner.) 3s. 6d.

"Through Western Canada in a Caravan," by F. H. Eva Hasell. (S.P.G.) 3s. 6d.

*"Across the Prairie in a Motor Caravan," by F. H. Eva Hasell. (S.P.G.)

"Father Pat," by Mrs. J. Mercier. (S.P.G.) 1s. 6d.

"Joseph Curling, Soldier, Sea Captain, and Priest." (S.P.G.) 2d.

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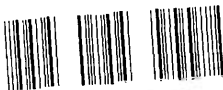
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